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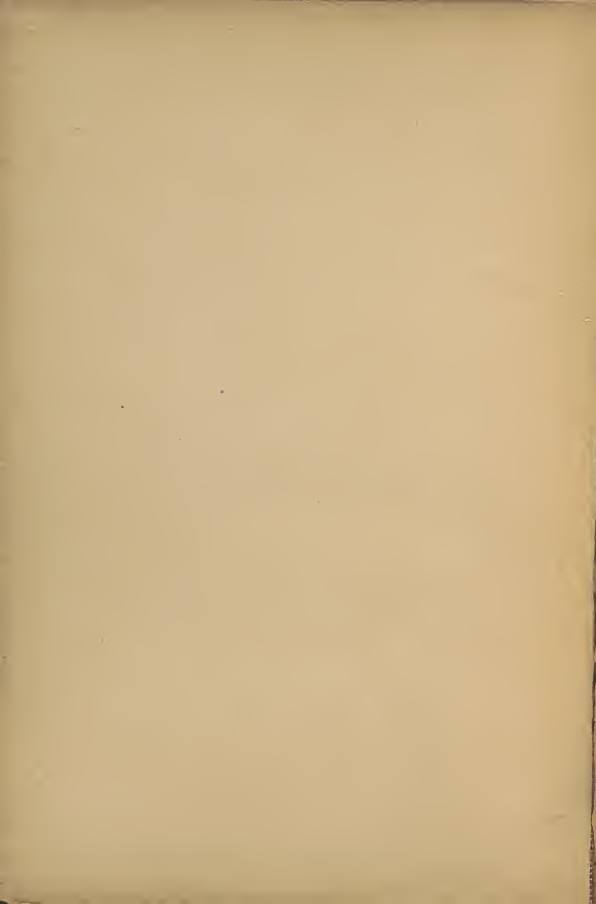
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GOTHAM AND THE GOTHAMITES

OR THE

GAY GIRLS OF NEW YORK

—BY—

HEINRICH OSCAR VON KARLSTEIN.



TRANSLATED BY

F. C. VALENTINE,

Member of the New York Press Club,

Translator of "CLAIRE AND THE FORGE-MASTER," "WILD OATS,"

"JOHN BULL'S DAUGHTERS," ETC., ETC.



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DEDICATORY.

YE GOTHAMITES:

I have no hesitancy in dedicating this book to you. My long residence in your great city has made me as familiar with your merits as with your defects, so that I am not apt to do you the injustice of ignoring the former or exaggerating the latter.

Your greatness makes you so good-natured that you seem to enjoy abuse; your intelligence allows you to accept criticism, and your pride seems to smile at praise, as if to say, when your colossal immensity is recognized and appreciated: "Wait a bit, my boy; I have not half begun yet."

When I look upon my work and think of you, I cannot but call to mind Mark Twain's coward, who did not resent insults because he was afraid that if he were to strike a man he would kill him with a blow, as he had done before. My gentle Gothamite, you struck a foreigner before; your arm has grown longer and mightier since then; but with strength came magnanimity—too much for your good, I fear; though it ensures me safety from your ill-will, even if you pay any attention at all to the few little pen-pricks that I must inflict.

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INTRODUCTORY.

Where to begin and where to end, where to praise and where to disparage, are serious questions for him who undertakes the description of a city like Gotham, which is a marvel of grandeur and a charnel-house of squalor, a colossus of charity and a giant of bigotry, a mountain of freedom and an abyss of slavery, a statue of virtue and a cess-pool of vice — it is a cosmos.

Yes, it is a world, and a world *sui generis* at that.

Gotham cannot assert that I make either odious or odorous comparisons when I mention it in connection with other cities, for I can not compare it. It is incomparable in everything that is good and in all that is bad.

Berlin is not Germany, thank God; London is not England, Paris is not France, Madrid is not Spain, and Rome is not Italy — each one of these cities has its individual characteristics which stamp and distinguish it — Gotham has none of these and all of them. This makes the task more difficult, but *nil desperandum*, "My soul's in arms and eager for the fray;" at it, then, and

"* * * * * Nothing extenuate
Nor set down aught in malice."

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GOTHAM AND THE GOTHAMITES.

CHAPTER I.

PREPARATORY.

The Grumbling Foreigner — "Dutchmen" — Beards and Chewing Tobacco — Divorces "By Default" — Paucity of Trees Increases Divorces and Reduces Suicides—Elegance in Dress of Gotham's Daughters—Female Beauties—Morality — Self-Confidence of and Confidence in the Fair Gothamites.

THE most disagreeable persons I met in Gotham were foreigners, who had filled the important posts of scullions, third-rate artisans or incapable business-men at home, and not being able or *desirous* of making an honest living in the lands of their birth, had fled to America.

Their stupid criticisms of Gotham, that great key to great America, nauseated me, and I oftentimes could not control myself sufficiently to refrain from silencing them with:

"If you are so disgusted with this country, why do you not go home?"

Ah! they could not go home, or would not—for excellent reasons.

Thirty-five years ago, when I made my first visit to Gotham, a species of prejudice existed in the Gothamite's mind against us, and this feeling was manifest in calling us "Dutch," in derision. This probably arose from the similarity in sound of the Hollander's patronymic to our *Deutsch*, to figure the pronunciation of which he who speaks English must write *Doitsh*—certainly very much like "Dutch."

At present most of the Gothamites would like to prove their Dutch descent. *Tempora mutantur et nos mutantur in illis!*

At the time I am discussing, the silly prejudice against us was in full blast, as is shown by the following little anecdote.

One of my class-mates had opened a dry goods store in what is now an unmentionable part of Gotham. As now is the fashion in America to rear beards, so then the beard was worn in Europe and tabooed in Gotham. Karl Gumbiner wore a beard that might have provoked Barbarossa's envy; in other regards Karl was Gothamized — even to the extent of chewing tobacco.

One day one of his clerks came to him for aid in waiting on a customer, who, after having the contents of the store shown her, did not purchase even the obligatory paper of pins. Karl's beard came forward, Karl behind it, all urbanity, and, placing himself before the lady, asked permission to show her some laces he had just received.

She looked at him aghast, drew up her body and, I fancy, shook her ample crinoline, if such were then worn, and said, angrily:

"I will not be spoken to by a man who is so shameless as to wear hair on his face, and much less a Dutchman."

The *lady*, who considered a hairy face too suggestive for her modest eyes, was the cause of a murder some three months later. Her husband shot a man under circumstances that need not be detailed, further than that the bullet which passed through her lover grazed one of her ribs. But that was thirty-five years ago; to-day the husband would have quietly become the defendant in a divorce suit, and would have allowed his faithless wife to obtain a decree by default. The politeness of the Gothamites to the fair ones goes to this extent.

Yet it is a mistake to presume that divorces grow on trees in Gotham; they are now rather difficult to ob-

tain, and trees are painfully few, especially in the thickly-settled districts, where they are most needed. Perhaps if there were more trees in Gotham, there would be even less divorces; for many men who become innocent, though willing, defendants, would hang themselves if conveniences therefor were more plentiful. I do not wish to assert that marital allegiance is scarce in Gotham, but there are other causes for divorce that will be discussed further on.

Whoever walks that throbbing artery, Broadway, which everybody knows too well to require a description, must be struck with one fact, viz: that no other street in the world can produce as many well-dressed, and, be it distinctly understood, tastefully attired, women. If I were not married, I might supplement this statement by saying that nowhere are so many really pretty women seen. I will not say this, however, but I will think it until I draw my last breath.*

Beyond their physical beauty and tasteful garb, Gotham's daughters wear an unmistakable and glorious shield of self-confidence, which women of no other nation can equal. Remember, traveler, whenever a woman on the streets of Gotham returns your glance wonderingly, as if she were endeavoring to recollect you, she is a pure woman. When she affects diffidence, in nine cases out of ten she will not be offended if addressed by a stranger. I run no risk in making this statement to men of the world, who, as a rule, are not easily mistaken.

That self-confidence, that steadfast walk, that graceful, fearless bearing, are all the legitimate results of the confidence that the Gothamite reposes in the fair sex. Gotham's daughters are but human, and I pray, for their sake, that with the increase of European customs in

* My translator just tells me that a young lady of whom I thought when I wrote this, is a sample of the Chicago girl. I cannot believe this, as she wears a visible shoe.

Gotham its women be not depreciated by the importation of the *duenna*.

But my pen is running away with me. I will pull its bit back into its mouth and bring my lame steed down to its normal pace in a new chapter — one which to a man of good taste must be interesting because of its title, even if its subjects are not well discussed.

CHAPTER II.

GOTHAM'S DAUGHTERS.

A Bleak Outlook — Paternal Authority — Obedience is the First Duty of a Father — His Child's Slave — His Recompense — An Aristocratic Home — The Husband's Solitude — A Thousand Dolls and a Thousand Dollars — Why Divorces are Few Among the Highest Classes — The Old Dutch and Mayflower Families — Maternity and "Higher Purposes."

SHE was a pretty mite, perhaps eight years old. Her long, golden curls fluttered in the chilly breeze from beneath a coquettish cap. Her graceful body was enveloped in a velvet cloak; and her little, daintily-gloved hands were partially hidden in a Liliputian muff. The rich claret color of all her raiment paled before the beautiful tinge that glowed on her cheeks and lips, as she stood before a display of dolls in a large show-window.

"Come, Pet," said a tall gentleman, "let us trot home; it is near dinner time."

The pet did not stir.

"Come, darling; you really must, little daughter," urged the father.

"I think — I like — the one in the Pompadour dress best. It is elegant — plain, but neat," mused the little sprite, heeding her father less than she heeded the wind as it blew a curl into her face. She raised her hand and swept the truant lock back into its place.

"Come, baby; come at once," said her father, assuming a faintly authoritative tone.

The little girl turned to her father, looked at him slowly from head to foot, and from foot to head again, and after a moment's deliberation stamped her foot and quickly said:

"Oh, pshaw! what a tyrant you have become since you married into our decent family."

A glance at the gentleman showed that he had not married into that little girl's family; for if a child ever resembled her father, that one did most strikingly.

I expected to see that pretty, naughty cherub receive the chastisement that was due her, but her father only laughed nervously, it seemed to me.

"Laugh all you please," said the little girl, in a determined manner, "I shall not stir from here until you buy me that doll."

"I will, for Christmas."

"Christmas!" exclaimed the girl indignantly. "For Christmas — one plain doll for Christmas! Dear me, I expect a dozen dolls from you for Christmas, besides many, many other presents. Go, get me that doll at once."

The gentleman went into the store; the little one stood firmly at her post and pointed out the doll she wanted, as soon as her father appeared near it with a salesman. A few moments later he emerged from the shop, carrying a bundle. The little girl raised her large, blue eyes to him and smiled. Then she took his hands and chatted gayly, as she trotted by his side. Suddenly she stopped and said in a commanding tone:

"Fix my bow."

He stopped to obey her command, when she quickly dropped her muff, threw her arms about his neck, kissed him and exclaimed: "Thank you, my darling, good papa; I love you with all my heart."

He laughed when he found that her bow was not at all disarranged, picked up his hat which she had knocked off with her rapturous embrace, arose and listened to her merry chatter, as if he, her father, felt

highly honored at being at all noticed by his own flesh and blood.

The little comedy was but a repetition of what was a daily occurrence at that Gothamite's home—a home where the least comfortable room was his library, the only one in which he dared assert his mastership when he was alone—and when his wife did not need him as an escort to places of amusement. There were his slippers and his dressing-gown; there were his pipe and tobacco, but carefully hidden, lest his wife might find these evidences of his "vulgar" taste. A sofa stood there, too; he slept on it many a night when his business kept him late at his office, and he was too considerate to disturb his wife's slumbers.

When he returned, after a hard day's work, with aching head and feverish pulse, and faint, because in his rush after the Almighty Dollar he had not taken time to dine, did he find a blazing fire, a warm meal, and his slippers ready for him? No. All those things would have been ready had his wife ordered her servants to have them there; but she was tired; she had been at a grand wedding feast the night before, and that evening she had been busy with the latest novel, with looking over the records of the missionary society of which she is the secretary, with preparing her list of visits for the morrow, with making notes of her numerous requirements for the winter season—how could she then give thought to so insignificant a matter as her toiling husband's comforts? If he wanted meals at unseemly hours, why did he not go to his club or a restaurant for them?

Our friend takes a drink of whisky, smokes a pipe and struts about the room to keep himself warm; but he steps lightly, lest he wake his wife. Then he sits on the sofa and knits his brows as the business cares of the next day crowd upon him. With whom can he commune, with whom discuss the weighty affairs? With no one. There is not a being who is interested

in him or his business. He alone must decide all. He sighs. Then he makes a struggle, turns the gas higher. On his desk lies a beautifully-mounted pistol. He toys with it absent-mindedly for a moment, shudders, and lays down the weapon. His eye falls on a charming picture of his daughter. He takes it in his hands and smiles. Then he imprints a kiss upon it. It evidently nerved his heart to the world again, for he smiles as he throws himself on the sofa, and, as his thoughts subside to Morpheus' sway, he murmurs: "Darling Bessie—if I can live but five years more, you may have a thousand new dolls every day—all Pompadours at that."

And then he dreams of dolls innumerable, in all sorts of dresses, rising out of barrels of oil and sacks of grain, and from beneath railroad ties; each doll smiles upon him, claps her hands, throws kisses to him, and looks love at him. Each doll first resembles the vignettes on bonds, and then she rapidly changes into Bessie—his beloved child.

In the morning he shivers as he changes his clothing, for he is cold—cold without and cold within. Then he seeks his little girl. To do so he must pass through his wife's room. Does a word from her warm his soul? She is awake, and looks at him silently in response to his "good-morning, dear."

How he yearns for one of those glances which she gave him before they had grown cold towards each other! He waits. Perhaps, he thinks it was his fault that they are so estranged, and he approaches the bed.

"Charles," she says, calmly, "I will need a thousand to-day?"

"Yes, dear," he answers, meekly.

"When?"

"As soon as the bank opens."

"Why," she asks contemptuously, "have you not a miserable thousand dollars with you?"

"No, dear; I do not carry that much money."

"Much—money—" she sneers. Then she throws herself on her side and sighs: "Oh God, why did I throw myself away on a beggar!"

Is it surprising that this man, in those few instants of respite which his business allows him, gives thought only to his child—his little tyrant?

And, reader, this picture is not overdrawn; it is the sad, sad truth. Let us pray with Charles that his little daughter may in time learn to treat her husband differently, so that both may be happy and not as miserable as are her parents.

And why do they not separate? They belong to the Gotham aristocracy. He has a Dutch name—her ancestors came over in the Mayflower—they must avoid everything that smacks of scandal. To-morrow that pistol with which he toyed may go off, and then the world will shower its sympathy upon the bereft widow, who will weep as though her heart would break, and—his creditors? Well, they will say, with delightful unanimity: "We will be damned if we trust a van der Blinken again. We might have known better—his great-great-grandfather was a butcher from Rotherdam; and now our noble suicide, after spending our money on his wife's extravagances and in wild speculations, turns up his nose to the daisies and leaves us in the lurch."

His young widow weeps—Charles was *so* good! And before he is quite cold, she has taken out letters of administration, and lives gloriously on his inheritance. But not one cent of the money she inherited from him goes to rub the smirch from the van der Blinken name. No, no; she is a Dollrymple; her family is not touched; for she *only married* Van der Blinken—nothing more!

Truth compels me to add that Charles van der Blinken, Dollrymple and Bessie are fictitious names—*the story itself is true!*

Fortunately, not all of Gotham's aristocracy (I use the word to please the Gothamites) is made up of such families as the van der Blinkens. There are some delightful homes, where the father is head of the family ; not the dictator, as among us, but the head.

" Papa," says the oldest son, a young gentleman, " I should like to go to Europe for a year or so."

" So should I," answers the father.

" I dare say you would," laughs the young gentleman, " but you have no rich father to ask for the necessary cash."

The old gentleman smiles. " I will play you a game of billiards to decide whether you may go or not," says the father. They play, and the young man sees at every stroke that his loving father allows himself to be vanquished, while making a great feint to win.

Before the year is over the young gentleman returns, tired of sight-seeing, and settles down to work. Later on he marries and rears a family, as his father did, provided his wife be not a Miss Dollrymple. She need not be, for there are many descendants of the Mayflower stock who raise their daughters to fulfill their destiny.

Fully one-half of Gotham's daughters do not look with joyous anticipation toward the time when they will be wives and mothers. They strain for " something higher." What that " something higher" is, I have never been able to elicit. As it stands at present, most make a show of a literary education, a marvelous grace in dancing, unexcelled taste in dressing; utter ignorance of the culinary art and of needle-work, both of which are obtainable for money, and an aversion to that state which good wives delight in.

My wife became acquainted with a rather garrulous female physician, who made some revelations in this connection.

" You have many young lady patients, have you not?" asked my wife.

"Yes; and they are particularly solicitous for advice shortly before they marry," answered the doctress.

"What kind of advice?"

"Well, I am sorry to say that the wealthier they are the more anxious they are to learn how to avoid the natural results of marriage — maternity."

"I should think they would yearn for it."

"Not only are they anxious to remain childless, but their mothers encourage the idea that all of the details are animal and unæsthetic."

"But they love their husbands?"

"Yes, if the husband has plenty of money and is not anxious to perpetuate his name."

"Do you give them the advice they desire?"

"No; but others do — or even worse, assist them when nature has asserted her rights."

"And then?"

"Why, then they become invalids, and those who are ashamed to be in a state which makes a corset uncomfortable go to my colleagues to be treated for the results."

"And are they not diffident about discussing such ailments with men?"

"Oh, no; why should they be? Physicians, you know ——"

"Yes; but I infer that, as they are ashamed to become mothers ——"

"They are, for they deem their share in the propagation of the race vulgar and in bad form."

"What will be the result?"

"Rather ask, what *is* the result? Our women, the mainstay of our society, are dying out. As soon as they learn what is their destiny, they rebel against it, and — large families are rare in this generation, and ninety per cent. of our women are invalids."

Comment is unnecessary.

CHAPTER III.

EDUCATION.

Its Limitations — Influence on Girls — Organic Chemistry and Potatoes — Results — Breach of Promise of Marriage — Infidelity — Opportunity Makes the Thief — The "Discreet Dressmaker" — Better to Regulate the Social Evil — Cramming Education — Physical Effects on Girls and Boys — Prevented in the Latter — Glorious Dissemblers — Their Life is Not in Their Homes — Who is to Blame? — "Darning" Wives for not Darning Stockings — The Boarding-House the Subverter of the Home — Cooking Schools — Biddy, Gretchen and François.

I DOUBT whether another city anywhere spends as much money upon education as does Gotham. Can any other city boast that all manner of education, from the most elementary to the most profoundly scientific, is obtainable free by those who cannot pay for it? Even art is taught free to those who will learn; in fact, I do not know but that there are free dancing, rowing and boxing schools. I wish I had fitting words wherewith to do homage to the munificence of the Cooper Union, where there are free classes in — well, it would be easier to tell what is not taught there. I believe that the great founder of that institute did not leave a bequest for tight-rope dancing, the only art (or is it a science?) for which Peter Cooper provided no teachers, to my knowledge.

The influence of free education on the youth of Gotham is evident, especially on girls. What I shall say now I do not wish to apply to exceptional girls with strong constitutions, capable of bearing all strains, but to the majority.

I met a vast number of them who knew more trigonometry than I ever learned, but not one of them could sew on a button or darn a stocking, even as well as I can. They could repeat by rote, word for word,

exactly as laid down in the texts, all of the complex formulæ in organic chemistry, but they knew not how to boil a potato. Theoretically they knew that heat coagulates albumen, but not one would know how to cook an egg.

To follow their studies, "to keep up with their class," they must needs study, when they should frolic about or play at housekeeping, under their mother's direction. It is natural that all of the young ladies who graduate each year cannot become teachers; not all have business ability wherewith to utilize their mainly theoretical acquirements, and but few have fortunes which justify their continuing to study and pass through life alone.

The natural result is that marriage is accepted, not with hopes of finding happiness therein, but as a bitter necessity. How true this is, is shown by the numerous suits for breach of promise. In these the maiden's disappointment has a monetary value attached to it; she sues for what she has lost: the comforts of a prospective home; not a home as we call it, but a good house in which to live, and a husband to provide all the desires and to be occasionally accepted as an unavoidable evil.

However, in justice to the Gothamite's wife, I must say that marital infidelity on her part is the exception, the very rare exception. This is not due to his vigilance, nor to her affection for him, but — ask physicians. In a book like this I may say no more than that the system of education affects the fair Gothamite principally by developing her intellectual life at the expense of her physical. The Gothamite who violates the marriage vow is the exception, also; he must toil from early to late to supply the wants of his family, and consequently has neither time nor energy for vagaries of any kind. His life is work and sleep — very little of the latter.

All languages have the proverb: "Opportunity

makes the thief." Yet this is not true in Gotham. It offers many opportunities, as witness the advertisements I cut from several newspapers:

QUIET.—A widow, living alone in a flat, and employing no servants, will rent a handsomely-furnished room to discreet, quiet parties, by the day, night or longer. Meals served in room if desired. Address TWO DOLLARS.

SECURITY.—Rooms in a family that minds its own business. Admirably suited for people from the country desiring a *quiet, retired, secure place*. Address REASONABLE TERMS.

SAFE.—Elegant room, with bath attached, for lady and gentleman. Board for lady only. Address NON-INQUISITIVE.

These advertisements are selected from a number of others, because they are the least suggestive of their class.

At one time my wife and I decided that we would take up our residence in a boarding-house, and in looking through the papers, I came across the advertisements I refer to. My curiosity, though, was most excited by the following:

"A TRUE LADY, who desires to increase her income slightly, will rent rooms to a lady and gentleman, by the day or week. Address DISCREET DRESSMAKER."

I wrote for particulars and received a prompt reply, inviting me to call. The "Discreet Dressmaker" lived in a flat-house, and received me most courteously, in a rather sumptuously-furnished sleeping apartment. I asked whether she had no parlor or reception-room.

"No, sir," she answered, smiling at what she seemed to construe into a humorous remark; "my patrons do not meet here to discuss politics or business, and, consequently, need no parlors."

"But you are a dressmaker, are you not?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, sir," she said; "if a lady wishes a dress,

I make it for her — I think as well as any dressmaker in Gotham; but unless she is young and pretty, she will not visit me again, as I charge too much."

"What kind of patrons have you?" I asked.

"Well, of course, I cannot give you references. But this is a wicked, wicked world," the Discreet Dressmaker laughed, "and — well, poor things, I do not blame them."

"That is rather vague."

The D. D. looked at me in surprise. I felt that to obtain the information I desired, I must needs lie to her a bit; therefore I added: "Well, to come to the point, I must tell you that a lady and I love each other very much ——"

"Yes;" the D. D. smiled and grew interested at once.

"And we are married ——"

"I understand — you are married, but not to each other; yes, yes. Well, I will endeavor to make you comfortable. I would show you my little home, if it were not that five of my rooms are occupied now."

"What, so early? Why, it is only an hour before noon," I exclaimed in astonishment.

"The best hours for *shopping*" she said affably, "are between ten in the morning and five in the afternoon."

"And at night?" I asked.

"Well, trade is dull at night in establishments like mine. We all find it so."

"You all?" I asked.

"Yes; there are over a hundred discreet dressmakers in Gotham; of course my place is the safest, because I am very particular whom I admit, and the house is so arranged that disagreeable meetings are impossible."

I feigned to be satisfied with the arrangements, and was about to leave, when she said: "I shall call you Major Brown, if you wish, and ——" she smiled again, "I know you gentlemen; you are dreadfully naughty; therefore, whenever it is not quite convenient for your

lady to meet you, and you wish to spend a pleasant hour or two with some one else, just let me have the description."

"What class of companions do you provide?" I asked.

"Well," she said ingenuously, "there are a number of ladies who are not happily married; the fear of scandal keeps them from having a lover; therefore they find me out, or I find them, and they meet strangers here. To throw the gentlemen off the track, all ladies must consent to receive a little present, say a ten-dollar bill, from the gentlemen whom I present to them. A part of this goes to me, and the rest they can use as extra pin money or for religious purposes, if they choose."

"Is this traffic limited to married people?" I asked.

"Oh, no, but they are the majority," she answered.

"And how about being discovered?" I asked.

"Make an appointment and you will see how safe it is," responded the fiend.

I will not attempt to describe what I felt when leaving that beautiful den of horrors. Open, shameless prostitution is better than this. And the keeping of brothels is forbidden by law in Gotham, while the "Discreet Dressmakers" ply their vocation undisturbed and undiscovered.

Is this a result of the manner in which the fair Gothamites are educated? No; it is a picture of the innately corrupt minority. If, however, men will be immoral, would it not be better if the law were to take direct cognizance of the "Social Evil," as it has been called, and to deal with it for sanitary purposes?

This is a subject which should be relegated to moralists, I know, and for people who would close their eyes to facts—one which no mere traveler should discuss. Yet, on the score of morality, I ask, could the Discreet Dressmakers exist if it were law that—

First, all immoral establishments were confined to

one district, and not allowed to contaminate respectable neighborhoods?

Second, if all of the poor unfortunates were under the strict surveillance of a sanitary police and under the protection of the law?

The patronage of the *Discreet Dressmakers* depends upon the safety from contamination with a disease that affects "even unto the third and fourth generation." Could this horrible traffic continue if men were otherwise safe?

In 1873 a law covering these points was enacted in St. Louis, a town near Chicago. The result was a reformation of a large number of girls. Yes, reader, that grand, glorious result was obtained. Kind treatment by the physicians employed as inspectors was the main means, and this alone would have a million-fold paid for the expenditure of any amount of dollars. But it cost the city nothing. The high salaries paid to respectable people to engage in this grand work, as well as the other expenses, were willingly defrayed by the subjects of the law, and the balance was applied to the construction of a special hospital, at the cost of \$200,000.

I am sorry to record that the law which reduced disease, which protected the poor outcasts, which helped them to return to morality, which *bankrupted many, if not all of the discreet dressmakers*, was repealed in 1875, through the influence of clergymen and fair members of their congregations. The soiled doves hung their wings in despair, and then—marvel at it if you will—employed the same physicians to continue their offices, and to-day yet practically abide by the behests of an abrogated law.

Gotham, the world's metropolis, needs such a law, but a false delicacy prevents Gothamites from expressing the necessity.

Let us leave this unsavory subject and return to education.

The fact that, irrespective of individual capacity, both sexes are crammed with knowledge from infancy up to the time they cease to be students, destroys many constitutions and wrecks many bodies. It is curious, that as soon as a boy shows that his health is suffering, he is taken from school and put into some occupation that will contribute to his restoration, while girls are indefinitely crammed with either ornamental accomplishments, or scientific profundities, that fit them only for that "higher destiny," of which I have confessed my ignorance before.

This wrecks constitutions, and begets a dissatisfaction with life that makes them shadows of women and parodies of men. Yet how strong, mentally and morally, must the fair Gothamites be, or what glorious dissemblers, if their conduct on the street or in society is noted! Away from home (if there is such a word in the Gotham vocabulary) is the life of those beautiful butterflies; they are created and reared for others; how, then, can they be expected to give themselves to their husbands?

I spoke thus compassionately to a little Gotham beauty, and she said in answer: "Baron, what becomes of us when we marry your countrymen?"

"Well, miss," I answered, "I must confess that you then make splendid house-wives."

"Then do not blame our parents, but our husbands, if we *frivol*, instead of seeing to it that our bosses and proprietors have all of those plaguey buttons they imagine they need, and 'darn' us for not darning their stockings."

Was she not right, in a measure? Who has ever heard, or even thought, among us of a young man marrying unless he can give his wife a home, or unless her parents can give her one? Could our steady minds ever conjure up that subverter of the family life, the boarding-house—so characteristic of Gotham life?

I know numberless people in Gotham who have

never had a home, but spend their lives in boarding-houses, of which I shall speak in another place. Ask the reason, and you will be told that the wife has not been educated as a servant, forsooth, and that she is a lady!

What would these ladies say of our nobility — which they would so strenuously emulate — that rears its daughters with home notions and oftentimes makes them see actual service — frequently of a menial character — in hotels, where cookery, house-cleaning, bed-making and all sorts of domestic economy are very thoroughly acquired.

True, there are cooking-schools in Gotham, and sewing-schools, too. But in the first construction of custards, *pizen things*, pickles and other destroyers of digestion are taught, while students in the latter learn principally that fashionable kaleidoscopic incomprehensibility called "crazy-work." The useful, solid things, the manufacture of garments, their repairs, etc., are relegated to vulgar bread-winners, as Biddy, Gretchen and François are left in charge of the materials wherewith to combine palatable articles for building up the mental and physical power of coming generations.

But Gotham, that little giant, that tremendous pigmy, is still a suckling infant; and when it approaches maturity, or long before, it will learn to teach its youth what it really needs.

CHAPTER IV.

FLIRTING.

A₃ Fine Art "You Ought to Have Seen Mamma Flirt " With a Stranger — Depth of Real Love — Jennie Wants a Beau and then Something Else — Eveline's Poor Luck — Oh Fie, a German Married Flirt! — Sold, Most Beautifully — Mother Does Not Know Her Daughter's Latest Conquest — Second-Handed Love — Judge Not.

I DO not believe for a moment that Sara Hutzler is an American, as she would have us accept her. Her style, her mode of thought, as expressed in her writ-

ings, are too purely German; yet her pictures of American society are truly American, viewed with German eyes. It is a wonder to me that so few of her works have been translated into English, while they have an extensive sale in their Dutch, Bohemian, Hungarian and Russian versions. I am led to think of her by what now occupies my mind; not that I would accuse her of ever having been a flirt; but my fair colleague (if I may aspire to this honor) certainly describes flirting in her pretty story, "American Flirtations." But why *American*? Everywhere "attentions without intentions," as Max O'Rell puts it, are given and received.

Perhaps, though, there is no place in the world where flirting has been so highly developed, almost to a fine art, as in Gotham. I do not believe that a man or woman ever lived in Gotham who did not indulge in the pastime, which is simply amusing and nothing more. And yet it is wrong, for it is playing with the holiest of holies — Love.

What would non-religious people, who respect the faiths of others and envy them their belief, think of men or women who would enter consecrated edifices and take sanctified implements from the altars and indulge in a mimicry or a persiflage of religious ceremonies? And this particularly in Gotham, where religion is so highly respected? Yet, in that same Gotham, Love, the basis of all religion, the foundation of the morality of families and of the integrity of governments, is openly made a toy.

I heard a child say: "Oh, papa, you ought to have seen mamma flirt with a gentleman!" And the interested parties all laughed, as at a huge joke. Yet, the Gothamites may laugh at the idea of a wife and a mother flirting, for there is no danger in it to either party. I wish there were, for if people can play at love, their real love cannot be very deep. Perhaps,

though, in the instance I quote, the husband knew his wife too well to heed the prattle of a child.

Flirting, or the tendency thereto, arises very early in the Gothamite's breast. I know no little boy of five and no little girl of six who does not flirt, much to the displeasure of the little beau or sweetheart. It has been said that there are no young Gothamites. The following would seem to prove the assertion:

Little Jennie Brown comes to her mother in tears.

"Why, what is the matter, darling?" asked her mamma, in deep solicitude.

"All the little girls in my class got a beau, and I ain't got none," the babe sobbed.

"Do not weep, darling; you shall have a beau, too."

"May I?" asked the little one, and smiles shone through her tears as the sun glistens through rain-drops just before he dissipates an April shower.

"Yes, dear."

"Who shall be my beau?" asked the little girl.

"Whoever you wish."

"Well," mused the little one, "I have been flirting with Johnny Jones and Bobby Bliss. I think I will have Bobby, even if his hair is red, 'cause Johnny is so rough."

Whenever a little or full-grown, fair Gothamite determines upon her selection, the selection finds it well to accept the situation and seek to convince himself and others that it is the culmination of his desires.

Bobby Bliss became Jennie Brown's beau, and the child's comedy was played to everybody's content for the normal period, that is, three weeks. Then again Jennie's little heart is stirred with anxiety for a new diversion. This time she wishes — a divorce.

Among some Gothamites, marriage itself is considered a kind of flirtation.

"Why, how do you do, Annie? I have not seen you for a year."

"Pretty well, dear; and how are you?"

"Fair; you know I was married ten months ago?"

"No, were you? And how did you make out?"

"So-so, only; we moved to Chicago; lived there three months, and now I get twelve hundred dollars alimony."

"Is *that* all?" exclaims the other, in dismay.
"Well, I wish you better luck next time."

But, good reader, I fear that I am putting myself on record as a woman-hater, and I wish it distinctly understood that I am anything but an enemy of the sex, especially when Gotham's fair sisters are concerned. Let me tell a little story in this connection.

Count Georg Johann von Schweiger came to Gotham at a period that is not essential to state, and, with what he deems courtly manners, a title of nobility and a plentiful supply of funds and excellent letters of introduction, soon became a well-known figure in Gotham's hospitable circles.

Among many others, he was introduced to Miss van Stokfis, a great-granddaughter of old Jan van Stokfis, one of the founders, I believe, of Gotham. At all events she was wealthy, and a thorough type of the accomplished Gotham's upper-tendom.

Count Georg was in what we call "his best years," not employing the term in its facetious sense; that is, he was about thirty-five, and just conscious and perhaps a little proud of the few gray hairs that made their appearance at his temples. He was thoroughly at home in his dress-coat and all its concomitants. His extensive experience in society was set at naught by the curious adventure he almost sought with Miss van Stokfis. She was all grace, all brilliancy, and lacking but a coronet to make her an amiable yet self-conscious ruler. Count Georg almost fell in love with her; I say almost — but I anticipate.

Miss van Stokfis made him feel thoroughly at ease in her society, yet she did not gush over him; nor did she toady to his title or wealth. He was anxious to

see her again, yet could not rid himself of a vivid but undeniable recollection that she had given him no encouragement whatever. He soon met her at another reception and hastened to greet her. The evening passed like the previous one: she was brilliant, quick in retort, ever elegant, but — she did not invite him to visit her. She seemed uncomfortably obliging in the facility with which she favored him with introductions to other ladies, none of whom could equal her. Count Georg grew desperate. He had not met such a woman before. Her skill in directing the subjects of conversation, especially when he approached the border-line of too marked compliments, fitted her for a diplomatic post.

A third time he met her, and still no invitation. If he had not suffered from a temporary aberration, he would not have asked for permission to visit her.

"I shall be very glad," she responded, "and I hope that you will not neglect to bring me the photographs you told me of—you remember those you took on your walks through Germany."

He was glad that she remembered something he had told her, yet felt annoyed that she was so frigidly anxious to see the photographs.

"I am delighted to know that you are interested in my native land," Count Georg responded, somewhat coldly.

"I am," she responded, "for several reasons, one of which is that I have a very dear German friend."

"Have you?" asked the Count, feeling quite piqued. "Perhaps he is a mutual friend ——"

"Yes," answered Miss van Stockfis, "it is just possible that she is a mutual friend."

"Oh, it is one of my fair countrywomen—one of those whom we sing about—until we know the fair Gothamites." Miss van Stockfis seemed to be thinking so intently of her German friend that she apparently

did not observe his rather general, if not ambiguous, compliment.

That fertile subject for conversation—a mutual friend—was adroitly avoided by Miss van Stokfis. A few days later the Count visited her and was more enchanted than ever; but again he went away with the conviction that he had made no impression upon his charming acquaintance. This nettled him and drove him to most rash resolutions.

Rather sooner than social etiquette allows, he called again, with the pretext of showing her more pictures. She was as affable, yet as uninvitingly, tantalizingly frigid as before. When he was about to depart, he was astonished to hear her ask:

“Count, if you are not engaged to-morrow at three in the afternoon, I should be glad to have you escort me home from Grand Central depot; I must go to New Rochelle in the morning. May I——”

“I am sure I shall be more than delighted,” the Count exclaimed, full of glee.

“Our carriage will be there waiting for me,” said his fair torturer.

He did not sleep much that night. He set the very phrases, which the half-hour's ride would allow him to lay vigorous siege to that young, yet obdurate heart. It was evident that he had made an impression, for why should she ask him to meet her, when she could not possibly require a protector during the afternoon, and, furthermore, was to be taken home in her own carriage? The impropriety of her course would have been evident to him, had he not been so intoxicated by even the recollection of the perfume that the very air about her breathed.

He was faithful to the tryst. She descended from the train, looked about anxiously—he was enough of a flirt to keep from her sight for a few seconds—then she almost ran to him, shook his hand quite cordially,

and asked him to return to the car with her, to meet a friend.

He flushed with anger at the apparent deceit, yet he contrived to conceal the evidences of his disappointment. They entered the car, and a moment later two lovely arms were thrown about his neck, and many warm kisses were pressed upon his lips. The owner of these arms and lips was—his wife, the Countess von Schweiger.

"Now, Kätchen," said Miss van Stockfis in exquisite German, "I must report that the Count was very brave in the vortex of Gotham society during your two months absence. Is it not curious, Count von Schweiger, that my former schoolmate, Kätchen, should be your wife? Do you know, Kätchen," she chatted on gayly, "that the Count and I have grown real good friends, on your account?"

I do not recollect how the interview ended. I can not, for—well, my wife has forgiven me, and she confesses that if she were a man, she would not be ashamed to tell the tale, substituting another name for the principal actors—"for Eveline is such a lovely girl and such a true friend." My only daughter's name is Eveline, and I hope that she will grow up as lovely a woman as is her god-mother. I will not tell who Mrs. Eveline is, now, for like all brilliant Gothamites, when they marry a titled foreigner, she is the life of one of the most aristocratic circles in our country. Moreover, she is an excellent wife and mother, keeps her husband in a perpetual honeymoon, and still finds time to write books that attract merited attention on both sides of the Atlantic.

Perhaps my age now causes me to deprecate the promiscuous flirting that is in vogue in Gotham, one form of which is certainly most reprehensible.

I was chatting with my landlady one evening in the hall-way, when the bell rang. Mrs. Hawley opened

the door and admitted a young man, who, in lieu of all other salutation, asked:

"Is Miss Nellie in?"

"Yes, sir; step into the parlor," answered Mrs. Hawley.

"Thanks," said the young man, and, after hanging his overcoat and hat on the rack, entered the parlor. Just then the hall-boy came to respond to the bell.

"Tell Miss Nellie," said Mrs. Hawley, "that a gentleman wishes to see her."

"Yes, ma'am," said the boy. He went into the parlor, took the young gentleman's card, and carried it to Miss Nellie's room, without showing it to Mrs. Hawley, as if it concerned her as little as it did me.

A few moments later our landlady's pretty daughter descended the stairs, bade us good evening, smiled sweetly, entered the parlor, and *closed the door firmly after her*. This astonished me, and I could not resist the temptation to ask Mrs. Hawley whether she would not prefer to continue our conversation in the parlor.

"No, sir," she answered; "but pardon my keeping you standing here; come into my sitting-room."

After we were seated, I said: "Excuse the question, but is Miss Nellie engaged to be married to that gentleman in the parlor?"

"Oh, dear me; I think that is nothing more than a mere flirtation. I believe I have seen his coat and hat on the rack before—at least, they look quite familiar."

"Do you mean to tell me that you do not know the man who visits your daughter in a closed parlor?"

"No," answered Mrs. Hawley, firmly; "but I know my daughter; you see, you Germans do not treat such matters as we Gothamites do."

"Thank God that we do not," I thought, as visions of visiting a young lady in my fatherland returned. We have not less faith in our daughters than the Gothamites

have in theirs, but we parents will insist upon knowing the persons who enter our house.

"I suspect, though," continued Mrs. Hawley, "that Nellie is engaged to a Mr. Marion, who has taken her to theaters, the opera, and several balls. I do not imagine that she would go out with him so much, nor stay up so late with him, if the matter were not assuming serious dimensions."

I stared at Mrs. Hawley, speechless with astonishment, but I almost fell from my chair when she added:

"I expect that Mr. Marion will soon be introduced to me, so that he can begin propitiating his prospective mother-in-law."

"You suspect," I gasped, "that your daughter is engaged to be married to a man whom you do not know?"

"Well, I am not going to marry him," she laughed. "In fact, I am positive that Nellie has been engaged several times, but broke off the affairs when she discovered either that she did not like the gentleman sufficiently or learned some objectionable feature in his character. I have distinctly noticed all of the symptoms of a love affair in Nellie; but as she presented none of the gentlemen to me, nor invited them to dinner, nothing came thereof. But with Mr. Marion, I think the matter will be settled. You see it has lasted nearly six months, and I notice many bouquets and other presents, with his card attached, in her room."

I could devise but one explanation to these most extraordinary statements, and I offered it in this question:

"Miss Nellie is your late *husband's* daughter?"

Mrs. Hawley dumfounded me by answering cheerily: "Well, I should think that her appearance shows she is my own flesh and blood, too."

I held myself in my chair. Soon I gathered my wits sufficiently to ask: "And these flirtations and

multifarious engagements are arranged by your daughter alone, behind closed doors?"

"Should *I*, her mother, insult her by ever suggesting the possibility of her saying a word that required watching? Oh, no, sir. I would be ashamed to own a daughter who required supervision."

After leaving Mrs. Hawley, I could not but doubt the wisdom of what I had heard was the usage of all classes of Gotham society, but had never seen practically exemplified before. For some reason, perhaps prejudice, I could not be as cordial in my congratulations to Mr. Marion at his marriage with Miss Nellie, some months later. At all events I did not envy him his bride, who had been engaged several times before and who was but eighteen years of age.

The lady whom I dubbed Mrs. Hawley once was a member of Gotham's highest circles; her husband's death and a mismanagement of his estate reduced her to the necessity of establishing a private boarding-house, certainly one of the finest in Gotham. She presided over the handsome, yes, luxurious household, as a born lady and a refined one would — but this affair with her daughter is certainly incomprehensible to me. Her daughter, Mrs. Marion, and her husband are a very happy couple. I have seen them frequently since their marriage, and no one would suspect that her heart had ever been touched by any other love than that she bears her Edward.

Later on I grew quite well acquainted with the young couple, and one evening that I spent with them I endeavored to investigate his feelings on the matter. I was surprised how easy it was to get him to tell his tale.

He suspected that Miss Nellie was engaged to be married, or "nearly engaged," when he fell in love with her. One evening he called on her, and a servant opened the door for him, not knowing that Miss Nellie was in the parlor with another gentleman. He entered,

and the heavy carpet deadened his footsteps. The couple sat on the sofa, their arms about each other, and their lips glued together in a loving kiss. He coughed; they heard him not. Then he took a chair noisily. They started, separated, and while he made sheepish endeavors to look unconcerned, she arose, the very picture of calmness, and greeted Marion most affably, as she smoothed her dress, that had become somewhat rumpled during the saccharine operation he had just witnessed.

"And just think, Mr. Karlstein," said Mrs. Marion, "Edward did not have the delicacy to go away and leave us, but remained as late as Mr. Thompson did. I just hated him then, did I not, dear?" she added.

"Yes, darling," responded her husband, "and I just loved you then, and — well, I cut out Mr. Thompson, 'with neatness and dispatch,' as the tailors say."

And the happy couple laughed heartily over the reminiscence, which I should think they both would be most anxious to convince themselves had never existed.

I spoke to other people about such matters, and one gentleman told me :

"Karlstein, judge our institutions, our country, and whatever else as you will, you will be sure to do us justice ; but do not attempt to judge our women and their prime prerogative, flirting, until you have lived among us for at least three generations."

I think it will be well to follow his advice.

CHAPTER V.

GOTHAM SOCIETY.

The "Upper Ten"—One Man as Good as Another. The Cachet—The President's Accessibility—The First Troop—The Sole Qualification—"Wall-streeters" and "Knickerbockers"—Splendor of Two Kinds—The Patroons—Petty Princes—Landed Aristocracy—Fairy-gold—Real Estate—"Sets"—Mixtures of the Clans.

Is there any "society" in Gotham—any one "set" which is undoubtedly "the upper ten"? With us, of course, such a question is no more difficult to answer than whether a man has brown hair or black; but here, where one man is as good as another, in theory (or, in his own estimation, a little better), where there is no court to set the *cachet*, where any one may walk into the White House and shake hands with the President, and such a thing as hereditary ancestry is unknown, at least to the law, can any class claim to be really not only the upper, but the "very uppermost"?

Among the regular militia of a neighboring State is a small body of cavalry, known as The First Troop, formed by a company of gentlemen of wealth and position, during the war of the Revolution, and still retaining the picturesque uniform of silver-laced jacket, high boots and crested helmet, which it then wore. It served with great distinction during those dark days, acting as the body-guard of Washington. It is still recognized as the personal guard of the President of the United States; at every inauguration of a President, be he a Republican or Democrat, the *Troop* escorts his carriage, and holds the right of the line, taking precedence of the regular army. In the panelled walls of the banquet-hall, in its splendid armory—built at the expense of its members, and beyond all comparison the finest cavalry armory and

riding-school in the country—are displayed the shot-riddled flags and guidons carried by it in every war in which the country has been engaged, and in its archives are letters of approval and commendation from great generals and distinguished foreigners, like Lafayette. What are the qualifications for membership in this unique body? First of all, the candidate must be a native-born American, to obtain even a hearing; a gentleman, to be acceptable to its members; for, although afterwards sworn into the service of the State, one must first be elected, as to any other club; a man of means, of necessity, since he must furnish horse, equipments and uniform, besides bearing his share of the expenses of keeping up the armory. But the most vital point still remains: Was one of his ancestors an officer of the American army during the Revolution? If he cannot answer this question affirmatively, the wealth of a Vanderbilt and the courtesy of a Bayard will avail him nothing; he is as ineligible as a Chinaman.

This seems like a digression, but possibly it may not prove fruitless.

I think Gotham society may be said to be composed of two great bodies—the “Wall-Streeters” and the “Knickerbockers.”* The former is chiefly noted for the wealth, enterprise and “dash” of its members, composed of rich men—native or naturalized Gothamites—who have made their fortunes in Wall street, in the gold mines of California, or the pork or grain markets of Cincinnati or Chicago; who delight in “cornering stocks,” or getting up a “squeeze” in cotton; or, possibly “wrecking a railroad;” who are clad in the most gorgeous of purple and the finest of fine linen; who

* Diedrich Knickerbocker was the *non de plume* under which Washington Irving wrote his charming burlesque, “History.” It has been adopted to designate the Dutch settlers of New Netherlands, and their descendants, as distinguished from the English and others. It happens, also, to be the real name of one of the old families who, in keeping with their lack of perception of humor, were irate thereat.

drive the fastest horses and own the winning yachts; who support the Jockey clubs and the Yacht clubs; give the most costly entertainments, and win or lose a fortune with the nerve and coolness of a Napoleon; who, in a word, pass their lives in a whirl of business and pleasure; make a great show and have what they would describe as "a first-rate time." If I call them "fast," I do not mean it in an invidious sense. The men are, as a rule, brave, and the women fair and good. That they are charming, also, goes without saying; but I employ the term by way of contrast to the Knickerbockers. It is this set which the foreigner, if so fortunate as to be well introduced, will be most like to get into, and certainly he will enjoy all that lavish hospitality, aided by boundless ingenuity and backed by practically unlimited means, can offer; and he, too, will have "a good time."

And yet—and yet—as he spins through the park behind its fast trotters, or sits in its choice boxes at the opera, he will soon become aware of the existence of another "set," whose dress and equipage are not less costly and elegant, though less showy; whose horses are undeniably blooded, if not "flyers;" whose carriages have a better right to bear coats-of-arms, and whose occupants are characterized by that indefinable but unmistakable air with which he is so familiar at home. Observing a little more closely among his hosts, he may fancy he perceives an occasional false note in the music—a crumpled rose-leaf in the sybaritic couch on which he reclines—and finally he asks himself: "Is this really *the* set, or is there not something beyond?"

Well, yes, there is; beyond the glare and glitter and noise of Wall street, secure in the consciousness of more than two centuries of solid and unbroken prosperity, lies the stronghold of the Knickerbockers; their wealth is, as a rule, more real, their hospitality as splendid, if more stately, and their conversation is as

marked as its absence is noticeable among "the Wall-streeters." And although there is some English blood there, yet the old Dutch element gives the prevailing tone, and exercises the controlling influence. Such a power as this calls for a word of explanation.

When the territory of which Gotham is part was occupied by the Dutch, grants of land were made to settlers from the mother country. These, of course, were comparatively small in Gotham, whose population was always commercial, first of all; but beyond its borders, the Lords of the Manor, or "Patroons," as they were called, ruled, with practically unlimited and irresponsible authority, vast estates, in some cases covering a space of twenty miles square, within whose borders they exercised almost every species of power, except only that of life and death, over their tenants and dependants; while from the stranger or traveler they exacted such acknowledgments of their supremacy as pride or fancy suggested. One of these petty princes, for example, within whose manor lay an island in the Hudson river, built a fort thereon, and hoisting his own flag over its ramparts, compelled all passing vessels to strike their topsails, under penalty of being fired upon by his cannon! In fact, it was the nearest approach to a complete feudal system that was ever seen in America; and, although necessarily modified as time went by, yet so strong was its grip and so oppressive had its power become to the free and healthy growth of the country, that but about forty years ago the insistence, by the last Patroon, on some of his manorial rights, caused open insurrection, which was only suppressed by the military authorities after much bloodshed and confusion, and which actually compelled a change in the Constitution of the State in order to prevent similar troubles in future.

But whether these settlers were lords of a hundred thousand acres, or owners of a garden patch in Gotham, they all, as a rule, were alike in this — they held on to

their land, and their descendants have marvelously profited thereby. Most of the colossal fortunes of the old Gothamites are due to the enormous rise in the value of the real estate on their Island. The gardens and little farms of their ancestors, now covered by street upon street of brown-stone residences, or block upon block of stately warehouses, have made their fortunate owners ten-fold millionaires, and every year only adds to their value. Yet, curiously enough, this prosperity has been forced upon them, one might almost say, against their will—certainly in the vast majority of cases without any co-operation on their part. Their intense conservatism and dislike of novelty led them to oppose all change and to resist all innovation; this was more marked in the country. Naturally, the building of the Hudson River Railroad, running between Gotham and the Capital, was bitterly opposed by the old residents through whose lands it ran, and who hampered its building by every known legal technicality. If told that the road would make the property immensely more valuable, the owner's answer would be, that he didn't care for that—he didn't want to sell his land, and objected to having his water front spoiled; and there is at least one town on the river that forced the railroad to struggle up the steep bluff, instead of being built along the bank, as it naturally should be, because the owners of the land refused to sell a foot of it at any price.

It is easy to see, even from this hasty sketch, how little this set can have in common with the Wall Streeters, upon whom they look with an indifference that is, perhaps, too thorough even for open expression of disapproval—whose ways they dislike, and whose wealth they, in their secret hearts, regard as the fairy gold that may at any time turn into withered leaves; whose ostentation they condemn, and whose enterprise is, to them, a restless, if not mischievous innovation or speculation, or worse. They are not dazzled by great

fortunes, for they have money enough, and, what they value perhaps even more, land — real estate — which cannot be dissipated. Their class feeling is so strong that they would rather entertain some old "Van" from the wilds of the Helderberg — careless in dress, perhaps not too punctilious in table etiquette — than the greatest magnate in Wall street.

It is always a mistake to judge a man by his clothes — but especially would you miss it if you undertook to form too hasty an opinion of the aforesaid "Van." I can show you, on Broadway, one who might have sat to Rembrandt as a burgomaster of Amsterdam, wearing an old slouch hat, and clothes that a Chatham street dealer would think dear at ten dollars; and yet that man is the owner of thousands of acres of rich meadow and fertile uplands, and rows of Gotham buildings. At his quaint old manor house, nestling snugly on the sunny slope of a hill crowned by forest trees, he entertains much and liberally, and keeps high days and holidays in good old-time fashion. If you are lucky enough to be his guest, you will find his hospitable board laden with silver brought from Holland by his ancestors; you drink fabulous Madeira out of the heavy crystal of by-gone days; and if he find you have an appreciation of such things, he may open his queer old iron strong-box — no safes for him — and show you the original grant under which he holds his broad acres, but for any trace of which you would search the county archives in vain.*

He has seen much of the world, too, in his own queer way, on both sides of the water, and known many of the men worth knowing, in his own country and this. He is a scholar, too, and a great lover of the classics, in the original, and you may often find him in his library, reading his Horace or chuckling over the anti-deluvian wit of Plautus; fond of his cows, his horses,

*All deeds of real estate are required by law to be recorded in the office of the county in which it is situated, as a protection to purchasers.

and constantly building a new bridge here, or another barn there, and in various ways improving the land, not a square foot of which would he sell were you to pile it with gold.

His Gothamite brother has had some of his sharp angles rounded off, some of his eccentricities removed, if you will, by the attrition of city life, but at heart he is much the same. He is probably a man of leisure, living far within his income, despite all he spends. You will rarely find him in politics. Since the English Conquest he has taken but little part in such matters, though you will notice him, to some extent, on the bench; if in active life at all, he will probably be a lawyer, or, mayhap, a banker, of the old conservative stripe. He belongs to the "St. Nicholas Society," the qualification for which being, that his ancestors lived here before the colony was wrested away by England; and most likely, also, to that inner and mysterious circle, the "St. Nicholas Club," into whose secrets no profane outsider may prey. Into such a set as this, it is needless to say, entry is most difficult, and practically only attainable by marriage. The younger scions of the house do sometimes form attachments for the sons or the daughters of the Wall-streeters, if the match can not be prevented, after strenuous opposition; their class instinct, as a rule, enables them to absorb the new-comer, and soon he is supporting them with the unmeasured zeal which characterizes the convert; though it may, perhaps, be a question whether Van himself, in his secret heart, ever looks on him as part of the family.

Of course, these two sets do, more or less, mingle, or rather touch, in the whirl of Gotham life; but, on the whole, I believe my broad outlines are correct; and with all his faults — and, being human, he has many — I think it is difficult not to admit his claim — unasserted, perhaps, because to question it would seem to him inconceivable — to be, in truth and in fact, the standard

of Gotham society. Nor is it easy to estimate the impulse for good which he has exerted in the restless and speculative community in which he is a silent but mighty power. If he is not enterprising, he is safe; if he does not build railroads, neither does he wreck them; if he floats no gigantic scheme of finance, neither does he break savings banks, nor make fraudulent assignments; if he is loth to sell his land, even for so-called improvements, he does not rush into speculative building, and see his property foreclosed under mortgage, or sold for taxes; if he does not "fix his Deestrick," or work "for the good of the party." He may always be relied on to vote for good, honest government; independent, absolutely without pretense, sternly honest and truthful, he laid broad and deep the sure foundations of the greatness of that Gotham which is yet in its infancy. He has ever been the balance-wheel in the machine, the sober, second-thought amid the turmoil of daring and of the reckless enterprise; and it will be an evil, and, let us hope, a far-distant day, when his influence shall diminish or his example and counsel be slighted in the city he loves so well, and of which he is so justly proud.

CHAPTER VI.

LAGER BEER.

Fifteen Years Ago — Pumpnickel — Fair Beer-drinkers Limited to Bottled Stuff — Draught Beer for Men — Beer Gardens Disreputable — Casino — Beer, Music and Flowers — The Key to the Mystery — Smoking — "Who's Been Here Since I've Been Gone?" — No Smoking in the Presence of Ladies — The Cigarette — Woman's Place — Wife-beating.

I DARE say that my countrymen, as well as others, will be surprised at my heading a chapter in a book on Gotham as this one is headed. But I have my reasons for so doing; whether they are justifiable or not the chapter itself will show.

About twelve or fifteen years ago it would have been an insult, or at least a deep offense, to offer beer to a lady in Gotham. Then the Teuton ways of life and food and drink were still considered vulgar, and the Teuton language coarse—like pumpernickel. Now there are very few Gotham ladies who disdain pumpernickel, and they know that the word is a corruption of *bon pour Nicquel*, the phrase with which one of Napoleon's soldiers scornfully derided our nutritious, solid black bread. And the Gotham ladies drink beer, too, and some even are connoisseurs in the article. But they are limited to the use of bottled beer, as draught beer is accessible only to men.

The objections to bottled beer may briefly be summed up as follows: It is not as good as draught beer, and it is dearer. Draught beer is dear enough at five cents a small glass, but it is far better than the inferior stuff that is bottled.

The reason for the anomaly, that there is an article the Gothamite may enjoy, and which is forbidden his wife, is found in the fact that Gotham has no beer-saloons or concert-gardens where a lady may go with propriety. I know that a number of ladies do go to such places, but they do it at the risk of meeting disreputable persons, or worse yet, of being mistaken for such.

It is true that the Gothamites have their beautiful Casino, where they may witness superior operas and enjoy classical music, while they drink their beer in a gallery that recalls visions of the gardens of Semiramis; but a man cannot take his wife there without the expenditure of several dollars.

It is my opinion that a beer-saloon destined for the use of families, where ladies could meet their husbands, and where both could drop in to drink one glass of beer each and listen to good music for a few minutes, all for ten cents, and perhaps a pretzel, or some other beer-food, thrown in, would reduce the drinks the hus-

band takes, would make him seek his relaxation with his wife, and — if objectionable characters were excluded — would not expose him to the allurements which painted cheeks and meretricious glances have to a man who is half-seas-over.

But marvel at what I shall tell you now, and I think you will have the key to this mystery. A remnant to the peculiar code of ethics that raised the Gotham lady above all others in the world, even though the elevation be open to cavil, is, that a man usually does not smoke in the presence of a virtuous woman. I know men who leave their warm fireside and go out into the bitter cold, or drenching rain, candidly telling their wives that they are "going to take a smoke," and the wives deem it quite natural that smokers should leave them for the solace that enjoyment for the weed gives. To what temptations does this not expose a good man! There are women in whose presence he may smoke without giving offense, but they are not women whom he would wish his wife to know.

I am un-German enough to detest tobacco; but I can readily understand how it is that a man who has just smoked will not detect the flavor of a cigarette, which hangs about his wife's room, when he returns after taking his smoke. And it is, most probably, not at all a case of "Who's been here since I've been gone?"

I witnessed a trial of a case in a police court that exemplified the matter.

"John Byrne," said the judge, "Offier Brakebridge testifies that he arrested you on the charge of insulting Miss Layton; what have you to say?"

"Well, your Honor," answered the prisoner, "the facts in the case are these: I had dined with some friends, and we were on somewhat of a 'racket.' We saw the young lady coming down the street with a man who was smoking. Who could imagine that a gentleman would smoke in his sister's presence? We determined that it would be a huge joke to take a

fellow's girl away from him. One of us stopped him and asked for a light, when I grasped the young lady and offered her ten dollars more than the other fellow would give. Her conduct showed the sad mistake I had made; but your Honor, it was a mistake that I am not blamable for; I feel that the fault lies with the young lady's brother, who respected her so little as to be seen smoking in her presence. I feel deeply chagrined at the position in which I am placed; but I feel far worse at having confounded a lady with a strumpet. I do not ask the court's clemency. Your Honor will inflict the punishment that the law dictates; but in view of the circumstances, I beg your Honor to tender my most regretful apologies to the young lady."

The judge discharged the young man with the advice not to judge by appearances in the future. When the ex-prisoner left the court he caught a glimpse of the young lady boxing her brother's ears.

When a Gothamite takes a lady to dine at a better-class hotel or restaurant, he does not light a cigar or even a cigarette, with his post-prandial coffee, for unless the lady is known in the hotel, he exposes her to overhearing a caution from the head-waiter, who informs her escort that "*only respectable ladies* are allowed to come here."

During recent years the cigarette, I am sorry to say, has come quite in vogue in Gotham. My wife oft-times surprised half a dozen young ladies, in artistic, charming, but by no means æsthetic attitudes, as they sent clouds of smoke heavenward. But woe to the young man who would light a cigarette in the presence of any of those young charmers; it would seem like inviting a challenge from any one authorized to defend the lady's honor and purity, with his life, if need be.

As soon as the Gothamites get over this silly prejudice, so soon will men seek at home the comfort of dressing-gown, slippers and pipe; the wife and sister will perhaps descend to the normal and noble state of

an adviser and helpmeet, but her descent will be pleasant; for I cannot believe that there lives a woman who is content with being made an inane doll by the absurd custom of placing her half way to the clouds, where she needs be as strong as a Gothamite, lest she slip — and fall.

A Gothamite once told me: "If a woman falls she falls lower than a man can, in obedience to a common physical law, as she falls from a higher plane." While I agree with my informer that woman innately occupies a higher moral plane, I believe that our friends, the Gothamites, drive this idea to extremes that may become dangerous to both sexes.

I cannot coincide with those who hold that woman is man's hand-maid and nothing more. I hold that she is his equal in many things, his superior in a few and his inferior in an equal number. Morally, she is "the link that binds him to the angels;" but she should keep this fact ever in mind, that she may fulfill her mission, which undoubtedly is to elevate her husband. If she insists that all concessions are due her, even to the extreme of self-sacrifice, only because she is a woman, she inflicts a galling yoke, while her safeguard should be a chain of roses.

The tendency in Gotham is to place good women between the positions of petulant children and implacable tyrants. I know a man who never said "No" to his wife. She once wanted a lace parasol, the price of which was beyond his means. He bought it, and she never used it, because when he handed it to her, she broke it over his head. She was an unhappy person, who drove him to suicide. Afterwards she married a brute, who abused her unmercifully, and she was an unexceptional wife to him.

Wife-beating is very rare in Gotham. I believe this is due to the fact that the beer drunk there is fairly good. I was glad to hear one good remark in Gotham about St. Louis (near Chicago): the Gothamites acknowledge, justly, that St. Louis produces good beer.

CHAPTER VII.

INVENTIONS.

Words for Ideas—The Dude—The "World's" Dude-ophagic Cat—Cranks—G. F. T.—Street-Preacher—"Millions In It"—Long-Haired Men and Short-Haired Women—Little Noses Snatched from the Flames—Political Cranks—Artemus Ward.

DO NOT turn from this chapter in haste, for I shall not discuss machinery, nor appliances, nor any of the devices wherein Gotham is so prolific. No, I wish now to speak of what might be called philological inventions, while I will not do anything but treat of the things that the words mean. This is certainly a serious undertaking, where we must oftentimes substitute the word for the idea it conveys; or yet, select a word that has no earthly connection therewith.

But, really, in this regard we have but little to complain of now, for ladies no longer speak of their "understandings" when they mean their feet, and gentlemen unhesitatingly discuss trousers (before they became Anglomaniacs they said pantaloons or pants—even breeches), when formerly they faintly breathed "unmentionables."

The first thing in this connection I desire to describe is the dude. He is not the grandson of the swell, nor the son of the dandy. He is *sui generis*, if he was generated at all. Perhaps it were better to say that it is a bit of protoplasm flung loose upon Gotham, where it was not noticed at first, and consequently not puffed out of existence with insect-powder. It grew, by cell-proliferation, and then by segmentation it multiplied. (I once was a student of biology, and take advantage of this opportunity to ventilate the fact that I have not forgotten all of Prof. Heitzmann's teachings; by the

way, he is in Gotham now.) But this is not describing the dude. Neither dictionaries nor encyclopedias mention it; but, being a factor in the elements that constitute Gotham, it may be touched upon here.

It is said that it received its first public notice from the *New York World*, when it was governed by that exquisite scholar, Mr. William Henry Hurlbert, who now, I believe, is dreaming away his young life in southern France with a charming bride.

The World startled Gotham with the statement that several dudes had been eaten by the cat in the Manhattan Club, and that several other dudes had fled and left only men in the club. If this is true, it is one evidence that cats can become insane, for no *mentis compos* cat would think of nourishing itself on such unsubstantial things as dudes.

A microscopic analysis of the dude would yield the following, from below upwards: Number ten feet crowded into number six shoes; flagrantly-colored stockings; phantom-like legs; a short coat, that is by no means of the Seymour order, for nothing more is seen because of the garment's brevity; a dwindling body, to which two cramped arms are hinged, one of which has a bludgeon-like cane attached, and all surmounted by a microcephalic head. The entire thing is dressed heterogeneously, wound up and primed with a few idiotic phrases and sent to walk the streets, ogle women who are far too human to dispise it, and to infest otherwise respectable drawing-room entertainments.

The dude has no ideas. It is not beautiful, nor does it toil or spin. Its existence has no object, but it is a menace to the virility of a manly nation. It is a threat to the perpetuation of republican institutions, and is a picture of the products of an effete aristocracy, without any of its good features. The caricatures of the dude do not do it justice; they attribute good qualities to the thing which it never could possess, and, like the first germs of a pest, it should be stamped out of exist-

ence. I hope that the good Gothamites will soon wipe this blot from their fair escutcheon, as they strive to obliterate the foci of moral and physical infection. The dude is an insult to the memory of the brave people who reclaimed Gotham's site from the sea and converted barren rocks into the first city of the world.

Another local invention is the *crank*. A reference to Webster's dictionary will show that there is something in favor of the employment of this word, to signify a person who, though he is not quite insane, rides a very large hobby, badly. I do not believe that the crank is as well represented anywhere as in Gotham. He is the natural outcropping of that tremendous race after wealth, which still in a measure means notoriety. The crank yearns for notoriety, which he mistakes for fame.

Gotham was led to take cognizance of the crank by the arch-crank that murdered President Garfield; he was undoubtedly insane, but not insane enough to prevent his distinguishing right from wrong. He popularized the word "crank" in one of the most remarkable trials the world has ever seen. He hungered and thirsted for notoriety and he achieved it — on the gallows.

A stroll through Gotham at any time will reveal any number of cranks, so many indeed that the stroller wonders if it would be safe to declare war against them, as the enthusiasm that fires each one would cause him to fight like ten. Fortunately these cranks are so engrossed in their individualities, that they would never understand the strength a union of forces would give them; therefore nothing is to be feared from them.

The greatest crank now living is called the "Sage of Madison Square." When he was sane he was called Mr. George Francis Train, and I judge from his history that he was too highly educated for his mental caliber. He is entirely inoffensive and spends his days in

the park that has given him his title, feeding the birds and talking to children. Sometimes he contributes wondrously constructed poetry to newspapers, and they are either below or above human comprehension. I cannot imagine what prompts the practical press of Gotham to waste its space on such driveling.

Another species of crank is the street-preacher. He (there are many of him; it is convenient for me to pluralize the pronoun now) stands in public places, preferably before theaters, invites catarrh by taking off his hat, and utters tirades against the wickedness of attending amusements of any kind. Despite the jibes of the crowd that assembles in Gotham on the slightest provocation, despite the still larger crowds that ignore his rantings, he mouths and screams with fiery earnestness, as his eyes glare with fervor, that Gotham is doomed to the eternal fire. Let us listen to him for a moment.

"Yes, you corrupt outcasts; you vile wretches; you scum of the earth—I was like you; I indulged the flesh in sinful pleasures. Weep, weep, weep for your sins and come to Jesus! I know that my Savior lives and I know that you are doomed to eternal, sizzling hell-fire and damnation. You, with your children, will feel the marrow in your bones sputter and burn forever and ever, because you go to see plays instead of hearing me speak of the Savior. Come to Jesus before it is too late; come, come, come!"

That is enough for a sample. He will remain in that spot for an hour, or as long as people will listen to him. He does not do this for money; he asks for nothing but auditors and he gets them. Is that not insanity? If not, it is an evidence that he is a crank.

Gotham is prolific with another species of crank, who is exemplified on the stage by a figure called Colonel Mulberry Sellers. This creature is the inventor of marvelous machinery, of wonderful medicines, of prodigious ideas, all of which are destined to revo-

lutionize and reform the world; but above all to make those who invest their money fabulously wealthy. There is some method in this form of crank, but not quite enough. Gotham is undoubtedly the key of the land of inventions, and many have their heads turned by the numerous successes attained by really valuable discoveries. The consequence is that weak-minded people concoct absurd schemes that in their minds need only money to make them rich. I do not refer to swindles now, and may cite one instance: An inventor showed me carefully-drawn plans of a machine, in which he desired me to invest, which in running saved fifty per cent. in fuel, thirty per cent. in friction, forty per cent. in repairs, and generated ninety per cent. more of power, in all two hundred and ten per cent. better than any other power generator. He was a glib talker and had succeeded in causing some credulous people to put their money against common sense.

It cannot be said too often that the Gothamite is the brightest, most intellectual, most energetic being of a nation that consists almost exclusively of brightness, intellect and energy. The more surprising is it then that the Gothamite is the most gullible victim that feeds the predacious crank, even when he takes on a dangerous form, as in the following instance:

There lives in Gotham an aged person, of undoubted education, a brilliant, impressive talker, who once was a successful, reputable practitioner of medicine. He is now far over seventy years of age, and is undoubtedly a handsome, venerable-appearing person. Some time ago he conceived the delusion that he is in some vague sort of league with the apostle Paul, and that he is empowered by some secret means to cure all those diseases that physicians the world over have pronounced incurable in the present state of medical science.

I must here remind the reader that I do not set my-

self up as an arbitrator for learned disputes. I simply condense from what I have read and heard.

Now, this venerable person, erst a reputable practitioner, who studied both in Europe and in Gotham, suddenly declares against the advances made by sciences, discards all the instruments of precision that tend to eventually reduce the study of diseases to a mathematical nicety, and returns to indiscriminate burning of the skin, called, I believe, counter-irritation; and alleges that by that means, using a counter-irritant, the composition of which, like his other means, he keeps a secret, he cures all diseases. This vagary might be ignored and passed over with a pitying smile for all concerned were it not that he has succeeded in obtaining the written endorsement of many reputable medical practitioners; by what means I cannot conceive, except by his fervent plausibility; and many of these physicians, *mirabile dictu*, have further stultified themselves by investing money in an institution which is conducted to further his vagaries. It is far from my intention to decry the physicians of Gotham, many of whom studied in our own country, and who present such a large number of brilliant lights. But they are Gothamites, and I confess again that I do not understand the peculiarity of the Gothamite's mental constitution that will allow him to become so easy a dupe to any crank.

In justice to the old man I am now writing of, I must say that he has arranged his contract so that he receives a large salary for directing the counter-irritant establishment — therefore he is not insane; and, again, he is a most sympathetic, kind and charitable person. Who can reconcile these incompatibilities? They are beyond me.

However, I am speaking of mere individuals, while I should discuss classes or sets.

Gotham has numerous crank associations, which are

more or less harmful, according to the peculiar notions they abet or advocate.

I do not like to class the Liberal Club among the cranks; still, one visit to a session of this club sufficed to assure me that the idea of liberality was badly misconstrued by the illy-dressed, yet well-behaved people who assembled there. Most of the women wore very short hair and spectacles, while the men shook long manes down to their shoulders. And, excuse me, the place smelled—well, badly. They seemed to be united for the purpose of subverting the existing order of things. One aged person drooled out a wearisome discourse on the absurdity of saying ten, twenty, thirty and fifty, insisting that it would be more logical to say onety, twoty, threety and fivety. And that Liberal Club was kind enough to remain awake to listen to such nonsense.

Then there are the Spiritualists—people of a similar stamp as the Liberals. They meet to convince each other and themselves, that after death they will come to their old friends and kick tables. I suspect that some advocate a sort of spiritual affinities during life, which permit a sort of temporary marriage, in a Pickwickian sense, perhaps. I saw no particularly attractive ladies in the assemblage; therefore I did not subscribe my name to "The Flying Roll," or whatever it is called.

The "Revivalists" and "Salvation Army" are so well known that I need but mention their names to provoke the smiles they merit. They flourish in and about Gotham, and the Gothamites have my sympathy.

The temperance associations are funny institutions and strong elements of crankdom. They managed to poll a heavy vote for one of their party at the Presidential election of 1884. The blue ribbon is their insigne, and it is certainly elevating—sublime—to see girls, four years of age, wearing the badge which is a voucher that they have sworn upon the Holy Bible

that they would never again drink a drop of spirituous or malt liquor! I do not know whether their little noses are exhibited as brands snatched from the flames.

I have a profound respect for the organizations that are intended to make all the world kin, to abolish strife and contention, and to inculcate tolerance and philanthropy. Many of these are secret societies, and I have no objection to the fact that they are secret. To my idea, secrecy gives them greater power for good, and I can appreciate a man or woman who will give a part of his or her time to such noble purposes. But when such persons ostent the fact that they belong to those societies, it becomes a farce or worse. I met a man who wore the following badges on his vest, and threw back his coat that all the world might see them. They were:

The badge of a third degree Freemason.

The badge of an Eastern Star.

The badge of a Rose Croix.

The badge of the Grand Army of the Republic.

The badge of Odd-Fellows.

The badge of Knights of Pythias.

The badge of Knights of Labor.

The badge of Knights of Honor.

The badge of Royal Arcanum.

The badge of D. P.

The badge of a Temperance Society.

The badge of Independent Order of Red Men.

And half a dozen others.

He was simply what I would call a "secret society crank."

The political crank is the most pitiable of the horde of his ilk. He is ever ready to mouth and vociferate for his "party," and is as ready to accept any post that party may choose to give him. Unfortunately, the poor thing never learns that the real leaders, graphically called "wire-pullers," consider him one of the voting-

cattle, and useful for no other purpose than the name implies.

* * * * *

So now, I have written a whole chapter under the title of inventions, and have said nothing about them. This reminds me of the American humorist, Artemus Ward, who told the audience to whom he lectured on "The Rose," that "in Africa there is but one kind of rose — negroes."

It was impudent, but it establishes a precedent for my saying nothing about Gotham inventions.

CHAPTER VIII.

SUNDAY IN GOTHAM.

The Most Severe Punishment — Stolen Fruits are Sweetest — Enforced Desecration of the Sabbath — The Sunday of the Wealthy and the Sunday of the Poor — The Artists' Club, and the Young Men's Christian Association — Preferring Drunkards to Slaves — Three Sexes — Rev. Dr. Deems — Church Bells — My Sermon — My Sunday.

Scalinger, after indexing Gruter's "Inscriptions," speaks of his labor in the following epigram:

"Si quem dura manet sententia Judicis olim,
 Damnatum ærumnis suppliciisque caput;
 Hunc neque fabrili lassent ergastula massâ
 Nec rigidas vexent fossa metalla manus,
 Lexica contexat; nam cætera quid moror? Omnes
 Pœnarum facies hic labor unus habet."

At the risk of spoiling the strength of the original, I shall attempt a free rendition of his epigram for those who have forgotten a little of their Latin:

Whoever hath committed an odious crime
 Like patricide, or blasphemed many a time,
 Let him a dictionary make: no greater penitence, I ween,
 Exists; but if there be, let it be seen." *

Well, I claim the right of discovery of a greater punishment than that of being condemned to make a dic-

*The translator begs Scalinger's and von Karlstein's pardon for still further maltreating the epigram, for the benefit(?) of those whose German has grown rusty.

tionary. Send on your worst criminals to me; no matter how odious or heinous their offense, I have a punishment that will serve as a terrible example to all other prospective evil-doers. It is simply this: I will enact that thirty Sundays shall fall immediately upon each other's heels, without a single intervening weekday, and then I shall condemn your vile sinners to spend those thirty consecutive Sundays in Gotham. If they do not commit suicide within one quarter of that time, it will be because, long ere six days have elapsed, they will be inmates of lunatic asylums, and will have their bodies confined by straight-jackets. As I utter this sentence, I shudder at the conviction that I am worse than Torquemada, who burned his tens of thousands alive; their end was a revelry of bliss compared to what I propose.

Imagine, if you can, a great city of 1,500,000 inhabitants, and most of them bright, intelligent, energetic, sensible people, who, on Sundays, would compel all who spend the day in Gotham to go to church or to stay at home. No other honest alternative is offered, for the law closes all of the theaters and museums, and strives hard to abrogate the Sunday free concerts in Central Park. All kinds of business is forbidden on Sundays, and the only establishments kept open are drug-stores and restaurants.

It is a matter of regret that the bar-rooms are closed; that is, nominally closed; for they all have side-doors, which are open to the worst form of dissipation, namely, surreptitious tipping. The wise legislators seem to have forgotten the proverb anent the sweetness of stolen fruit.

I believe it was in 1882 that an effort was made to enforce the desecration of the Sabbath, by forbidding all rest to the weary and interdicting the adoration of God in his great free temple. The method to be employed was the proposed prohibition of all cheap conveyances, prohibition of the sale of newspapers and

of all commodities of whatever character. This beautiful attempt at wholesale proselyting meant a compulsion of the poor to remain over Sunday in their horrible stench-laden tenements, and permission to the wealthy to ride to church in their elegant carriages. I am glad to say, that despite the powerful influence employed to this end, the movement failed.

Still there is a large number of Gothamites who direct their efforts to that one end, as witness the following anecdote:

There is in Gotham a club of young men who are employed during the entire week in work of all kinds, and whose artistic tendencies have caused them to unite for the study of painting in its various higher branches. The *Gotham Club* has proven a success; and several of its members are now the known authors of some very creditable productions. Some time ago the members of the club began the study of water-colors, and engaged a prominent artist to act as their professor. Quite naturally, they desired to study water-colors in daylight, and to that end sent a committee to seek for proper rooms. They found them in the magnificent building of the Young Men's Christian Association, otherwise a very worthy institution.

"On Sunday mornings?" asked the gentleman in charge of the building. "No, sir; we are a godly institution, and will not tolerate such desecration of the Sabbath."

"But, my dear sir," said the spokesman, "we are compelled to work all day for a living; at night we study drawing and all work which does not require daylight; if we may not study coloring on Sundays, when shall we study it?"

"I am sorry for you, young man," answered their interlocutor with oleaginous sympathy. "I am sorry for you, that you cannot appreciate the value of your souls over the mere gratification of the flesh; leave

this place, and return when you can pray and weep for your horrible intentions."

The young man neither wept nor prayed, but found suitable rooms in a house that was not managed by a bigot.

The gentleman who gave them such good(?) advice is still in his place, and it is rather a disappointment to me that he has not absconded to Canada with the funds of the Association and with another man's wife. I have a very poor opinion of the morality of those who continually strive to crowd their faiths down other people's throats.

It would be the grossest injustice were I to leave this Sabbatarian alone as an example of Gotham's religious people. As an offset, I wish I could recollect the name of the clergyman who said, when asked to sign a petition to forbid the sale of all liquors in Gotham:

"No; I would rather belong to a nation of drunkards than a nation of slaves."

The gentleman who said these words is not a drinker; in fact, he uses no liquors whatever, because he does not like them; yet he is too much of a man to be a party to any act that denies the Gothamite's capacity to control his own conduct and will.

Although it has, perhaps, little bearing on the matter under discussion, and keeping in mind the courtesy which the fair Gothamites invariably receive, because they so richly merit it, I must mention that clergymen are the recipients of curious concessions. In Gotham the generality of divines buy goods cheaper, and are admitted to exhibitions of all kinds, and purchase their railroad and steamboat tickets at reduced rates, one-third less than other people, I believe. This rather imbricated sentence requires unraveling, and I will endeavor to make my meaning plain, by quoting the Reverend Doctor Deems, of the Church of the Stranger, a most excellent gentleman, whom the breath

of slander has not even touched, though he is a shining mark. Dr. Deems says:

"The assertion that we recognize three sexes, men, women and clergymen, is an error, at least so far as I am concerned."

Dr. Deems pays his way in full, like any other gentleman.

The Gothamite, generally speaking, is a very intense admirer of the church, and everything connected with it. Perhaps this is why he, the shrewd merchant, is ready to concede so much as thirty-three per cent. reduction to clergymen, or perhaps it is because he knows the influence of the clergy so well that he gladly propitiates "the cloth." But this is "one of the things that no fellow can find out," as a favorite Gotham figure, Lord Dundreary, puts it.

It makes me shiver to think of Sunday in Gotham, though I am three thousand miles away from it. In the early morning "clang, bang," drone the bells that call the faithful to church, and hurry the sick (faithful or otherwise) to Heaven. I do not believe that a single church-goer in Gotham owns no watch and does not know at what time his or her particular service begins. Why then does this clangor and "bangor" continue? It seems a defiance to those who would quietly pray, and cannot or will not go to church. And those who are ill or dying and to whom absolute quiet is an essential? They must bear it in "the land of the free and the home of the brave." Brave? Yes, the Gothamites are brave, as are all Americans; but *free*—well, I am sure that there is not another people on the face of the earth that will submit to so much tyranny, in the shape of imposition, as the good-natured Gothamites.

I do not think that a sermon from me would have any weight; but, as I am writing this on a Sunday, I should so much like to preach one as follows; and I wish I could preach it in that terse, strong, direct, "straight-

from-the-shoulder " language that the Gothamites use so effectually:

Oh, ye Gothamites! Concede to me for the nonce the privilege and honor of saying: " Fellow Gothamites." I want to preach to you about Sunday — the day of rest. See your pale, pie-fed child, whose slim abdomen groans with dyspepsia, and whose aching head throbs with a surfeit of integral calculus, or whatever some terrible combination of figures is called. It is Sunday to-day; the day of rest. God told us to rest on this day, and you seek rest for your beloved child by crowding its over-crowded mind with at least three visits to your church, and I know not how many to Sunday-school, while God's open fields and the glorious environs of your great city cry out: " Come, come, breathe in the gallons of oxygen. Come, come, gambol on the green sward that covers my breast. Come, come, float on my blue waters and adore God by admiring his works! Do not stifle yourselves with mephitic air and incomprehensible sermons that are served in churches, but come to me! And when evening falls, and you are refreshed from the toils and studies of the week, go then to the houses of worship, listen to good music, have the holy word expounded to you by sapient men, so that you may learn theoretically what you have enjoyed practically — the goodness and greatness of the All-wise!

And the poor — but I have spoken of them before.

Gothamites, how do you like my Sunday, compared to yours? Come, now; which is more desirable?

CHAPTER IX.

THEATERS.

Like Streets — Two Classes, Morally — “Homes of the Drama” — Play-Houses and Work-Houses — Places of Amusement (*Sic!*) — “Wallack’s” — “English, You Know” — “Daly’s” — German, But You Are Not Presumed to Know It — Comic Opera — Always Legitimate — Shakespeare — The Madison Square Church; Theatrical Department — Really German — Miliesia and Senegambia — The Opera — Negro Minstrels — Music Halls — Gardens — Provision for the Poor — Ticket Speculators — The Actor’s Social Status — Brooklyn Tabernacle and Plymouth Church.

THE theaters of Gotham are like its streets; some are clean. They may be divided into two classes: those to which you take your wife, forming the first; those to which you take some one who is not your wife, the second class. Of course, I speak now of the real theaters — the recognized “homes of the drama,” as it is the fashion to call them. Lodging-houses would be a more appropriate term.

Of these play-houses (though work-houses may be substituted by the reader at liberty) there are some twenty. Then there are concert halls, beer gardens and other “places of amusement” (another American misnomer) innumerable; and last, but not least, the dime museums, which are as much theaters as whales are animals — the text-books tell us so. Let us treat of the theaters proper first, the theaters improper being included.

What the Theatre Français is to Paris, Covent Garden or the Hay-Market to London, the Hoftheater to Vienna, La Scala to Milan, or the Schauspielhaus to Berlin, that is Wallack’s Theater to Gotham. Why this is so is not easily to be seen, except on the *lucus a non lucendo* theory. For while each of the other theaters named appeals above all things to the patriot-

ism of its audiences, present native dramas or operas, by native authors and composers, and employ native artists alone in their presentation, "Wallack's" (as it is curtly termed) avoids anything native, as if it were contagious, and is English throughout.

I am told that an attempt was made to require English currency in payment for tickets, a year ago, and that the following foot-note appeared on the evening's programme for two nights, until a sudden eruption of common sense ordered its discontinuance:

"At the conclusion of the performance the audience will respectfully rise and remain uncovered while the orchestra will render 'God Save the Queen.'"

Be this as it may, Wallack's is, as I have said, thoroughly English in everything, especially the bad acting one sees there. It is owned and managed by one Sylvester Wallack, whose father, I am told, was an admirable actor and manager. The present proprietor is neither. He appears, when rheumatism permits, at odd intervals during each season, and insists upon still assuming *jeune-premier* roles, though he is a grandfather. Rouge, wigs, a dyed mustache, and springs in his boots are his stock in trade. But they pall. At this theater one sees old English comedies (with occasional new ones); and the general impression upon leaving is, that one has attended a funeral of an old friend whose features have sadly altered.

Daly's Theater — for in Gotham managers, like small shop-keepers, are far from impersonal, delighting to see their names above their doors — Daly's Theater is to Wallack's as champagne to muddy ale. At the former mirth and gladness; at the latter melancholy and gloom. It is a comedy theater in the best sense of the word, and would be, in its company and repertoire, a credit to any capital of the old world. Mr. Daly does not act, but he adapts from the German the charming pieces of froth and sparkle in which his company appears. Each member is accu-

rately measured for the dramatic garments of a new part—and the result is a perfect and becoming fit. It is the one theater I have seen in Gotham where ladies and gentlemen seem to be at home upon the stage; and where, however furious and fast the fun of the play may wax, you have no cause to regret that Miss Mossrose or Madame Calla is by your side.

To reiterate once more the difference between the two theaters I have named: A physician of my acquaintance, who shall be nameless—though he is far from being so—had just prescribed for a slight ailment of mine.

"Had you been here a moment earlier," he said, "you would have met my prettiest patient."

I voiced my regrets at my ill fortune.

"She is not seriously ill, I trust?"

"Not at all. Melancholy and mind-weary."

"And you prescribed?"

"Two hours of tincture of theater, before retiring."

"I see. You sent her to Daly's, to laugh her cares away?"

"Not at all. In her case I employed homœopathy. She is in mourning for a dear friend and needs sympathy. I sent her to Wallack's."

The theaters devoted to what is called comic opera are numerous. Of these the Casino is *facile princeps*. Of florid architecture and with gaudy appointments, it is a worthy setting for the melodious trifles one hears there. It is the only theater where one may enjoy supper and a cigarette together, or quaff Culmbacher and Strauss at a time. Below all is propriety—a theater audience all formality—but above, in the clouds, the roof has been transformed into a species of hanging garden, and from a dizzy height the stage may be observed and the music enjoyed—no, not enjoyed, heard; while one sips and smokes at ease.

Would I could say as much for the entertainments afforded as for their location. But candor compels

me to announce that the comic opera of New York is non-existent. To the manager's mind, as many pretty girls as his stage will hold, with as marked an absence of costume as a tremendously strained law allows — these with a comedian or two of the good old horse-collar school, and an orchestra whose knowledge of musical shading is confined to a rare descent from *fortissimo* to forte, are all that are needed to present Millocker, Genée or Audran to perfection.

I have been told I laugh easily; but that was before I had seen comic opera in Gotham, and I confess that a red nose and excessive adiposity are not to me synonymous with humor. Still the Casino is the least offensive of the musical boudoirs of New York. The cornets and trombones and bass-drums are not used to accompany all serenades and love duets; and it has two artists in its employ: Madame Cotrelly and Mr. Hopper — to whom my thanks are due for much relief from thoughts of suicide, engendered by their associates.

The Standard Theater — by far the loveliest in decoration and the most comfortable in its appointments — has as yet to find its specialty. In all it has undertaken it has failed. The Bijou, where one sits on hard, wooden chairs, like a scholar on his form, and sees no scenery that does not merit the description of being of Spartan simplicity, was long devoted to the female figure, freely shown, and a comedian named Dixey. It has produced but one — what shall I say? — piece of nonsense, since I have been in Gotham, and that is a harlequin or olla-podrida of all the music-hall jingles and minstrel jokes that have merited retirement on half-pay these many years. But the advantages for the study of comparative anatomy are great, and this Dixey is superlative. Graceful and easy in method, elastic and dainty in movement, a capital imitator and a charming buffoon, he is an entertainment in himself; and his supremacy in artistic fooling absolute. In his

present surroundings he is a diamond on a muck-heap, and would repay translation.

But are not the works of Shakespeare played in Gotham? you ask. Does not the drama of the heart and hearth exist there? Yes, and no, I answer.

There are several theaters in New York; the largest of all in point of size, Niblo's; the Star, the Fifth Avenue, the Grand Opera House, and others, where Shakespeare may at times be heard; but only when some traveling company of actors seeks a temporary rest from its journeyings through the country. At these theaters appear the foreign stars who visit the United States; and at these theaters, as well, appear the peripatetic hordes of mountebanks who masquerade as sons of Momus, in what it is the rule to style the "provinces"—meaning thereby elsewhere than Gotham. But as for the domestic dove of drama, it finds no Ararat on which to perch in its home. Lurid melodrama stamps, gasps, stabs, groans and anathematizes; vapid burlesque grins vacantly at inane youth who worships at her shrine; but the home-plays, the comedies of sentiment and sensibilities—the "bits of Nature deftly framed by Art," as Ludwig terms them—are nowhere to be found. There was one theater, erected as a branch of a church—the Madison Square Theater—where the domestic drama was intended to rule. For a year or two this stage was devoted to purity itself. Sunday-school classes received tickets thereto in place of tracts; and it had reached a stage of upward progress when the substitution of pews for stalls had been determined on, and the question of contributions for foreign missions, between the acts, was being seriously discussed, when pouf! all Gotham was horrified to learn that the world, the flesh and his Satanic Majesty had triumphed once again; that religion and the stage had dissolved partnership, and that the Madison Square Theater would hereafter exchange its reputation for sancity for the applause of the worldly-minded.

The signs "No Laughing Allowed" were taken down, and to-day broad farce is rampant on the boards, which "saintly feet and good have erstwhile trod." The substitution of milk for liquor is undoubtedly a good thing in many cases, but to deny one his daily or nightly dram, and offer instead, not pure milk, but chalk and water, is to insure the rejection of the substitute.

I have left myself but little room to speak of the numerous other minor theaters, mostly of the second of the classes originally enumerated; but a word must be given to one which is *sui generis*, and a permanent rebus to the thinking. In as large a city as Gotham, and one which is so cosmopolite in its inhabitants, the preponderating nationalities are more than numerous. The German element is the largest, of course; and equally, of course, for it none but the customs of the Fatherland will suffice. As a result, on the east side of the city are two commodious play-houses in which German artists present the successes of Germany almost as soon as scored, and from manager to call-boy all is as German as if no ocean rolled between the exiles and their home.

The two next largest elements in respect to nationality are the Irish and the Senegambian contingents. For these, too, has been erected a theater by Monsieur Harrigan, an Irishman, and a bull-voiced, Senegambian lady, Miss Antoinette Hart; and here are presented only plays which appeal directly to the races in question. Local in favor, broad in scope, they are faithful portrayals of the daily lives of those to whom they appeal; and yet, such is the lack of nationalistic patriotism on the part of the classes named, that they almost refuse entirely their patronage to this theater, devoted exclusively to their use; and were it not for the support of the upper classes, who materially evidence their sympathy with the management's philanthropy, the experiment would be a vast financial failure.

There are two magnificent opera-houses in Gotham,

and in these grand opera is given for a few weeks each winter. In the one Italian opera, in the other German opera finds an asylum, temporarily. When the song-birds have flown and the directors have ascertained within a few hundred dollars how many thousands of the same coin each subscriber must pay for his eight or ten nights of Patti or Nillson, then the houses are given over to masked balls, charity fairs, college commencements and other entertainments, and music becomes again one of the lost arts.

There have been numerous attempts to maintain in Gotham a theater which should present negro-minstrelsy alone, but permanency was impossible for such an establishment. Thanks to a system of compulsory (to a certain point) education, there are but few theater-goers who cannot read; and it is much more economical and quite as exciting to spell out a witticism in a patent medicine almanac as to pay to hear a burnt-cork comedian propound it. Wandering tribes, with blackened faces, occasionally descend upon some theater which chances to be empty for a week, but their privacy is rarely intruded upon to a marked extent.

The music-halls of New York do not warrant description. Suffice it to say that they have, in common with those abroad, nothing save the name. The orchestras at most are simply wretched, and the individual performers, as a rule, coarse, vulgar and devoid of attraction. It is to the credit of the Germans of the working class that they neglect these halls and betake themselves instead to gardens, where their wives and children need not be elbowed by gamblers and courtesans, nor be forced to listen to blush-bringing songs and speeches. Yet, sad to relate, they have barely a sad-eyed fiddler and a mild pianist to hear at such places.

Before I close this chapter, let me mention some of the things which strike me as most peculiar in connection with the theaters of Gotham. First, then, I am impressed with the provision made for the middle

and poor classes who may desire to be present. Not in arranging for their attendance at the theaters patronized by the aristocracy — not at all! But in the case of all visiting stars and companies of acknowledged merit, as a rule, two engagements are played successively, or with a brief interval. One at a theater devoted to the “upper ten” exclusively, where prices are high and full-dress obligatory; and then at once, *presto!* the following week the same company presents the same piece, quite as carefully, at another theater in a very different quarter of the city, at prices so low as to be within the reach of all but the penniless. “Your keenest critic of to-day,” wrote John Kemble, “sits in his shirt-sleeves in a Dublin gallery; not in a stall in Covent Garden;” and following the train of thought suggested, it is the lower classes who are the drama’s staunchest supporters in Gotham.

Again: Nowhere else in the world do I believe would the regular theater-goer be so completely delivered over, bound hand and foot, to so-called ticket-speculators, as he is here. With a system of reserved seats prevailing, each one being numbered and its purchaser guaranteed possession, there has sprung up, of late years only, a class of capitalists who think nothing of buying all the seats for a distinguished star’s entire engagement, selling them again, of course, to would-be auditors at an exorbitant advance upon the regular prices. And the dear public tamely submits to this outrageous imposition without a word. One is told by the advertisement that he may obtain a seat from which to hear Mr. Irving tear Hamlet to tatters, or Miss (Madame?) Bernhardt dissect Camille at \$2. One presents himself at the theater office at the earliest moment the seats are announced as for sale, and is informed all have been disposed of. And one finds an affable gentleman at his elbow, ready to accommodate him with the desired chair for \$5 — or \$10 — if you please. My chief regret has been, that I have not

been afforded an opportunity to subscribe to a service of plate, to be presented to the before-mentioned Mr. Daly for his constant warfare with these pirates in the public's behalf.

And now three last words as to the standing of the dramatic profession in society in Gotham. It has none. A few, a very few of the oldest artists can be met with in private life as welcome guests at home circles of worth and position. But the enormous majority are outcasts. "But does not their art compel their recognition?" you query. Their art! It does not exist. Give the average actress her choice between a friendly welcome in a quiet home, where purity of taste, social position, education and refinement are the components of its atmosphere, and a drive to the races with some wealthy ass, libertine or *roue* though he be, and, to her mind, you offer her a choice of death or life. *Vive la vie! Evoe Bacche!* And so the papers teem with racy anecdotes and salacious scandals; and little suppers are eaten, and glasses clink, and diamonds glisten, and silks rustle, and cashiers disappear, and wives' and mothers' hearts grow cold — and my cigar goes out, and I remember I am not writing a sermon and end the theme.

Speaking of sermons reminds me that two theaters have been left unmentioned. They are called the Brooklyn Tabernacle and Plymouth Church, respectively, and are located in one of the many suburbs of Gotham. In justice to the former, however, I must add that it partakes more of the character of a circus and menagerie combined than it does of a theater.

Still there are people who call them churches.

CHAPTER X.

THE MIDDLE CLASS.

There Are None in Gotham—Gothamization Opposed to Healthy, Cheap Enjoyments—The Clerk and His Best Girl—Memoirs of the Good Old Times Over the Wash-Tub—Damages to Morality—Socialists—All Boys Born Presidents—Civil and Military Authorities—The Sacred Name of Mother.

THERE is nothing so easy to describe as the middle classes of Gotham, for there is no self-confessed middle class. Apparently only the extremes exist, though certainly there must be intermediary stages of society. All of the working people, and there are very few wealthy folks who are not working people, strive and struggle for more of the ease and luxury that money brings. But there is no middle class, as we understand it. There is none of that contented, jolly, though somewhat noisy, yet well-behaved crowd, that drifts out from its domiciles with wife and children to reap large enjoyments from small expenditures.

Notice those residents of Gotham who live as our middle classes do; who enjoy life in their modest way and in whom there is nothing immodest; look at those who are the real critics in the galleries of theaters and operas, at the vast assemblage that attend free or cheap exhibitions—*they are mainly foreigners!* As soon, however, as they become Gothamized, they give up the pleasures of life and become strugglers for the dollar and unhappy apers of those who have fortunes.

What clerk, who earns ten dollars a week, would think of taking "his best girl" to the gallery of a theater? No, it would cost but fifty cents for each ticket to take her there; and she, who has a wonderful knowledge of society as depicted in the fashion col-

umns of the newspapers, would scorn to go with him. On the morrow she wants to tell her shop-mates how much admiration she provoked as she sat among the van der Pilks, the Nesturs and the Kickerbucks. If they marry, they will wake up to the realities of life that are exemplified by the wash-tub and scrubbing-brush, during the exercise of which she may revel in recollections of good old times. This extends to all branches of life among the wage-workers.

How much better would it be for these people to go to the gallery, where, instead of endeavoring to shine among the wealthy, they would drink in the delights that music and the play give. And they would go home and dream of what they had heard and seen, and would have the satisfaction that a growing bank account gives. As it is, they cannot lie awake and think of the glow and glitter which many, perhaps less intelligent, people seem to enjoy, and which are denied them. Is it surprising, then, that many young men become thieves and young women worse?

But this is a state of affairs that is incidental to a growing country. In a hundred years a proud middle class will exist in Gotham and will be its mainstay. It is a marvel, which no words can explain, that the socialists who would convert liberty into license and who would incite the laboring classes into revolution, have ever failed in their vile intentions against Gotham's peace and progress.

A land that recognizes only equality in birth must, it appears to us, be incongruous in its tendencies. What, then, is there to keep the struggler within the bounds of his poverty and cause him to submit to real outrages? It is the hope that under laws that will never be changed, his turn will come next.

No boy is born in Gotham whose parents do not remember that Abraham Lincoln began life as a work-ingman, and that Jay Gould, the arch-millionaire, was once a peddler. Will they, then, rise against the people

who within twenty-five years may be the associates of their Jimmy or Tommy?

It is true that riots and small rebellions have occurred in Gotham and some of her sister cities; but how small were they, how insignificant were they when compared to the uprisings that disturbed other countries!

In this connection I cannot do better than cite the words of a lecturer on Central America, who quoted the Salvadoranian poet, Don Juan J. Cañas, thus:

"The greatness of Gotham and its advances depend upon not showing the lower classes that they are controlled. There are no gaudy uniforms; in fact, there is no soldiery worth speaking of, except the militia; and the martial forces bow to the civic powers most marvelously.

"One Washington's birthday I was standing in a crowd, on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fourteenth Street, waiting for the grand procession to arrive. The first drums were heard in the distance, when a young man, in his shirt-sleeves and hatless, passed through the assembled multitude and addressed the policeman who kept us back.

"'Officer,' he exclaimed, 'my mother is sick in a house near Sixth Avenue; she has suddenly been taken much worse, and the doctor says that if the procession passes our house the noise will kill her.'

"'O. K., young fellow,' said the policeman, and left him to run up the avenue, where he stood some twenty feet before the procession and screamed 'halt!' holding up a light rattan cane with both hands.

"The word was passed along the line, an adjutant galloped forward, bent over his horse's neck and exchanged a few words with the policeman.

"Suddenly the command: 'Forward, march!' was heard, and the immense body of men proceeded to the corner of Fourteenth Street, without any music, except the lightest possible tapping of drums. Then came: 'Right wheel,' and nearly fifty thousand men, whom

immense crowds were waiting to see and cheer, wheeled up Fourteenth Street to Broadway, and down Broadway they marched without music until they were beyond the distance at which they might disturb the sick woman.

"No one asked why an army of well-drilled, admirably-equipped men, many of them battle-scared veterans, turned out of their path at the simple request of a single policeman, armed with but a light rattan cane. It would have been but a trifling matter for them to take Gotham; but no, the General in command, when he received the young man's thanks, reminded him that his very natural request was addressed to gentlemen and soldiers. And a gentleman, be he a soldier or not, reveres the sacred name of mother."

I quote Don Juan J. Cañas at length, because I deem that he gives a good picture of the Gothamite; but he neglects to state a curious anomaly.

While the soldier unhesitatingly yields to the civic authorities, the country's defender is the most esteemed person in the land. The charge of "conduct unbecoming a soldier and a gentleman," is a most serious one, and one which, if sustained, is punished by dismissal from the service in disgrace. He who has been so dismissed must view life as a sad blank thereafter.

CHAPTER XI.

PRESS OF GOTHAM.

The Only Omnipotent and Omniscient Power on Earth — Why So Strong — Small Print Read by Poor Light in Jolting Conveyances a Cause of Myopia — The Gothamite is a Reader — Its Effects on Conversation — Newspapers Keep Lovers Apart. The General and the Journalist — A Patent of Ignorance — Enterprise — Some Few Papers.

IT will surprise the reader who has not been in Gotham to know that if this book were intended for publication in that metropolis, I would write just what follows, and would not fear the result.

It is a well-established fact that Gotham's press is

the only really omnipotent power in the world, and it wields its sway fully conscious that it is a veritable king-maker in the full sense of the word. So much do I believe this, that I am convinced if but a few of the principal journals of Gotham should determine upon selecting one particular person, male or female, black or white, to be the crowned, hereditary ruler of America, the Republic would cease to exist. I may be mistaken ; but if signs go for aught, I cannot be far from right.

The origin of this power lies in the Gothamite. Among us it is nothing unusual for three or four families to subscribe jointly to one paper, while in Gotham very few families exist that read but one single journal daily. Indeed, I know families consisting of eight members who receive twenty papers every day, and not only read them, but also a number of weekly and monthly magazines. When it is remembered that the Gothamites are a very busy people, and have very large distances to travel in their ordinary business, this fact is the more surprising. It accounts for the sight no other city offers in its public and private conveyances. Every Gothamite reads, every one carries a newspaper—a newspaper, do I say? Well, a Gothamite, no matter what his or her class, carries at least half a dozen.

It is curious to note the Gothamite when he enters a street conveyance, be it a horse-car, an omnibus, or the elevated railroad.

He endeavors to board the vehicle before it has stopped, steps in quickly and glances around it an instant, not to seek familiar faces, as we would to while away the time in conversation, but he looks for an empty seat. As soon as he sees one he drops into it, but on his way to it he has begun to unfold his newspapers. He drops into his seat, and, in defiance of small print, poor light, and the motion of the vehicle, he skims over column after column. In those street-cars which are provided with a conductor, he holds

his money in his hand, and when the official approaches him, he, without removing his eyes from his paper, extends his hand mechanically, gives his coin, receives his change, fingers it for a moment, counting it thus, without looking at anything but his paper, drops the coins into his pocket, reading all the time.

Suddenly, something attracts his attention; he stops, reads the paragraph more carefully, as he knits his brow, and then either sneers, smiles, or, what is still more rare, marks the place, and, in extraordinary cases, tears the item from the paper. He finishes a paper in ten minutes that we would need a whole day to read; then he throws it on the seat beside him; he has read the news that interests him and he does not trouble himself about what may become of the paper afterwards. Generally, another passenger or the conductor has taken it, while he is deep in the second journal. His habit has taught him the places in each paper where he finds something of what he desires to know. The process is repeated with the other paper, and he takes up a third. He is in the midst of an article that evidently interests him very much, for he follows it intently; then he suddenly starts up, holding the place he was reading and rushes out of the car, jumps off, and almost runs down a cross-street, still reading.

Has he gone mad? Was the article he read so inflammatory that it suddenly turned his brain? No; he has arrived at the street at which he must leave the car, and he does not wait for the vehicle to stop. How did he know that he had reached his destination? I cannot tell, for during his entire ride he did not once glance into the street to determine his location, and the conductor has not called the streets we passed for fully five minutes. That man read one paper while he shaved, another at breakfast, four on his way to business, and at his lunch, if he lunches at all, he will read two more. On his way home he will read three or four evening papers, and, if he allows himself any

respite at dinner, he will run through half-a-dozen magazines at night, and between this periodical literature, by way of a rest, he will read two or three books each week.

On my first visit to Gotham, thirty-five years ago, I could distinguish my countrymen, even after they had become Gothamized, by their use of spectacles; now this sign fails, for even little children, with great, thick, short-sighted glasses, are almost the rule. Every prominent street has several oculists, and Gotham supports numerous specialists in diseases of the eye. Is this not a result of the manner in which small print is devoured wholesale in Gotham?

How absorbed the Gothamite is in his newspaper was shown me by the gentleman whose conduct I described above. He was one of my friends and a splendid entertainer, whose extensive reading gave material for his charming conversational powers. When he left the car he did not know that I was in it, nor that he brushed by his father, almost stepped upon his brother's feet, and knocked his knees against his partner. They were busy with their papers and did not notice him either.

Another gentleman declined to lunch with me one day, because he had an appointment to take his bride to a matinee. "Confounded bore, those matinees," he said, with a regretful smile; "but, you know, when a fellow is so near marriage, he is expected to steal a few hours from business once a week or so."

He was to meet his inamorata in front of the theater, he told me.

I left him and went to his future father-in-law's office, to settle a business matter with him. As I entered, the young lady, who had called on her father, left. After transacting my business with the old gentleman, I determined to lunch up-town, and went in a street-car. In a corner sat the young lady, reading a paper, occasionally looking at her watch, and acting as if she

feared to be late at her appointment. The car was dragged along for several blocks, when her future husband leaped aboard, looked around for a seat, sank into it, brought forth a newspaper and read continuously, only interrupting himself to look at his watch occasionally; and thus they rode and read on, neither of them aware that the loved one was less than six feet off.

Suddenly he arose, and she beckoned to the conductor. He occupied the door, but courteously made way for her. "Thanks," she said, without looking at him. Her eye was anxiously fixed on the people at the corner; he raised his hat slightly, looked at her and ejaculated: "Why, Emma!"

"Charlie, is it you?" she exclaimed.

He helped her off the car and she took his arm, oh, so lovingly!

Emma and Charlie had ridden in a not at all crowded car for twenty minutes, and neither had noticed the other, each one was so much engrossed in the newspapers. I am sure that would not have happened in Germany or any other country.

Need I say more about the Gotham press?

I think not.

It may now be in place to discuss a few individual papers, of the several hundred that are published in Gotham. Of course, I must begin with the *Herald*, that monstrous, journalistic giant. It has not its peer in the world. It is edited and printed in a palace; it has an army of employes, and owns even ocean cables. It is said that its present proprietor has an income of \$1,000,000 annually from it. Think of it, ye toiling workers in our land of brains: one man in Gotham draws a revenue of four million marks annually from a newspaper. Here, I will put it in figures: M. 4,000,000 — does it seem possible? He deserves such a reward for his enterprise, which encompasses not only expeditions to the North Pole and to the

heart of Africa, but I believe would not stop at offering an Emperor a million dollars in compensation for allowing himself to be interviewed; the same sum to His Holiness for a half column article on the dogma of infallibility; \$50,000 to a Napoleon for a scrap of French secret history, and even a fabulous fortune to a President of the United States for six lines on international politics, provided that these persons' productions were purchasable. I say these things only to show that the proprietor of the *Herald* will spend any amount of money for information that money or adroitness will buy.

The following anecdote is authentic, as are all those I tell, unless otherwise expressed. Of course, when I repeat the experiences of others, I endeavor to exercise due caution to state only such occurrences as I believe to be true. However, the tale I propose to tell now, "has no marked inverisimilitude," as they say in Gotham.

One of the generals of the army had convened a number of artillery officers to Governor's Island (so called perhaps because the Governor does not live there), to test a new long range cannon. The order was given in secret; but a reporter who was watching events at the Battery followed the orderly, who went about Gotham delivering the messages. When the orderly was about to return, he was stopped by a martial-looking person (another reporter who had been met and instructed by his colleague), who said:

"Comrade, my captain told me to catch you and say that his orders do not state at what time it is to come off."

"Three o'clock," answered the orderly.

"Delivered all of your messages?" asked Reporter No. 2.

"Yes," responded the orderly.

"Let's take a drink, then," suggested the reporter.

They talked over campaigns and discovered that

they had shared the hardships of the recent rebellion under the same General. The truth is, our friend the reporter had fought on the Confederate side, but he did not tell the orderly so. The amiable reporter made time fly with agreeable reminiscences of hard campaigns, and thoroughly agreed with the orderly that times of peace are dreadfully doleful. And then, the General, "really he is a brick; he knows how to keep those damned newspaper fellows off the Island, when anything is going on — and ——"

"The devil, comrade," explained the orderly, "we are in for it; just look; it is a quarter past two, and I am sure that your captain and the rest of the officers have gone. How the deuce will I get to the Island? The General will have me court-martialed. Damn the luck; I was to do the firing."

He rushed off to the Battery, and ran around there in despair.

A kind gentleman (Reporter No. 1) noticed him, and, upon hearing his tale, said:

"Do not worry, my good sergeant; I will take you to the Island in my steam yacht, and I am sure that I can persuade the General to pardon you."

He had bribed the men aboard of a yacht, at a cost of five hundred dollars,* to let him act the owner of the vessel.

He took the man to the Island, and interceded successfully with the General for him, who forgave him, as he was not three minutes behind time.

"Will you not remain to see the firing?" asked the General, courteously.

"I should very much like to," answered the reporter.

"Well, then, order your yacht back, and remain to dinner with us," said the General.

*All newspaper men do not carry that much money at all times. Our reporter had sent a messenger to the *Herald* office, and had received the money during the orderly's trip.

"Gladly, General," said the reporter, "but I should like to be in New York by nine o'clock."

"I am going over before then," said the General, "and will take you in my yacht."

The reporter remained, and witnessed the entire proceedings. The General on his way to Gotham, commenting on the occurrences of the day, said:

"Well, for once we have had a test without the presence of any confounded newspaper scribblers."

"Do you think, General," asked the reporter, "that to be a journalist is to carry a patent of ignorance?"

What the General said when he read the *Herald's* three-column precise report of the test of the new gun, is not known. He wrote a note, however, as follows:

"Mr. James de la Champe Retainer,
Herald Office:

SIR:—Your letter and copy of the *Herald* received. I agree with you that to be a journalist does not — especially not in your case — give a man a patent of ignorance. I hope that you will soon dine with me again."

The orders of the *Herald's* owner are to obtain news at any cost, and his employés comply with his orders.

What I say of the *Herald's* enterprise will apply to all of the others, modified, of course, by the peculiar objects and tendencies of each paper. Thus, while the *Herald* is looked to especially for foreign news, the *World* is the essentially American and specifically *Gotham* paper. The *World*, in about three years, under the management of that more than astute Viennese journalist, Josef Pulitzer, became a wonderful piece of enterprise. It is marvelously aggressive and stops at nothing to increase its circulation. While its dignity was at first not high in all instances, it is always entertaining, and just the paper you want when you desire to know what your neighbor has done, and what he (or she) should not have done.

Both the *Herald* and the *World* have excrescences, The first an evening carbuncle, called the *Telegram*; and the second a morning satellite, called the *Journal*. The *Telegram* is not a bad paper, but the *Journal* is.

It is a pity that it exists, and owes its life to the morbid desire for sensational matter morbidly presented.

Then there is the "Trombone of the Tall Tower," as the *Tribune* is called, which, with the *Times*, supports the dignity of Gotham's journalism. The *Sun* claims to be the workingman's paper, and is a good one, while the *News*, and its cousin-German, *Die Tagesnachrichten*, provide the working classes with full details of hangings, accidents, etc., for one cent.

Die Staats-Zeitung is the German prototype of the *Herald*, and is full of news enterprise and Gothamized German; in fact, I am surprised that it does not go the full length, and report a news-item thus:

"John Miller, welcher de best gekhnownter Citizen von seine Ward ist, un seit de bloody fourth mit Intschein 33 geronnt hat, ist gestern nacht beinah auf de spout naufgagangen, because er die light extinguishen wollt bei die gas ausblasen. Wenn er seinen kopf level gehalten hatte, könnte so etwas nicht hap-penen. Glücklicherweise war Dr. Schnabenheiser an die Hand und mit einer elektrisirmaschine ist Mr. Miller für seine fellow-citizens gesaved worden. In die zuckerhaftige nach-und-nach sollte Mr. Miller carefuller sein und nicht mit die ward-bummers die distract roth painten wollen und somit nicht geluscht nacht Hans kommen zu hahnekräh."*

Gotham has daily or weekly papers in all languages, I believe. Their list alone would make a volume.

The Gotham periodicals called "magazines" are the wonder of the world. They are too well known to require mention.

It is a curious fact, though, that the best and brightest Gotham journalists served their apprenticeships on Western, notably Chicago, publications.

* I will not spoil this exquisite exaggeration by an attempt at translation. — TRANSLATOR.

CHAPTER XII.

A PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

Politics in Gotham are Incomprehensibly Profound—Party Feeling—
 “Ma-ri-ah!”—Continental Liar—How Gothamites Act Toward
 Women—Peaceable Uprising of the People—Political Parties—
 Centralization of Power and State Rights—A Fictitious Candidacy—
 A Water Candidate—A Candidate of the Party of Short-Haired
 Women and Long-Haired Men—Sensational Journalism in Poli-
 tics—Both Candidates Claimed to be Elected—Money Power in
 Politics—Betting—The Return to the Even Tenor.

I see no reason why I should attempt to write an immense encyclopedia; for, were I to discuss national politics as exemplified in Gotham, I would needs indite a many-tomed work, which, even were I capable of so doing, would leave the reader like Faust—

“ * * * And knew as much as I did before.”

It would better subserve my purposes to tell some of the things I saw on November 1, 1884, as I stood for a while in front of the St. Denis Hotel, at the corner of Eleventh Street and Broadway, to see thousands of people pass, who thus in procession manifested their adherence to Governor Grover Cleveland, the Democratic candidate for the presidency.

Party feeling runs high in Gotham; but this campaign engaged the opposing enthusiasm of the parties, I was told, more than ever before. It was a curious sight. Perhaps 100,000 men (the opposing party acknowledged 8,000), from all walks of society, paraded the streets that afternoon, and it seemed to me that no other country could have enjoyed such a demonstration without a riot. Near me stood a number of people who hissed the procession and wondrously emulated the enamored cats that are allowed to ornament Gotham's back fences in their cries of “Ma-ri-ah!”

And then the staid men in the procession answered in a curious monotone:

“Blaine — Blaine —
Jay Gould’s Blaine —
Continental liar —
From the State — of Maine.”

Each word seemed jerked forth, not viciously nor angrily, not even with the slightest inflection; in fact, if the words were not understood, the refrain would have sounded like a congress of many drums speaking thus:

Bram — bram —
Bram — tam — tam —
Ratatata — ratata —
Ratata — tam — tam —

A number of other chants were sung by the paraders and the people who looked at them, but the above were the most characteristic. I will elucidate them — with as much as I could draw from what was told me by partisans of both candidates.

The Republican criers of “Ma-ri-ah” claimed that this is the first name of a widow by the name of Mrs. Halpin, who was the mother of two or three children when she and Governor Cleveland became acquainted. A boy was born, who is said now to be the inmate of a foundling asylum, while his mother is a patient in a mad-house, and President Cleveland will be married about a year after his inauguration. Hence the indignant wail of “Mariah” from throats many of whose owners cannot mention the legs of a piano, lest any allusion to female extremities be inferred. By the way, females (women and ladies are discussed elsewhere) do go to great extremities in Gotham, and in speaking of extremities I must say that there are many exquisite ones. My wife soon learned the ways of Gotham, and went to a curious extremity, that showed us the Gothamites in one of their true lights.

The crowd was dense where we stood, and my wife could not see over the shoulders of the vociferous, not

at all elegant people, who stood before us. She was determined to see, and suddenly taking my hand—it must have looked ridiculous to see a man of my size led by such a mite as she—she pushed through the people before us.

“Who the hell are you shovin’?” asked a vile-looking wretch rudely; but as soon as he saw my wife, he added hastily, “’Scuse me, mum—here, you fellers, let the lady see, can’t you—you——?” I prefer to discontinue a recital of his remarks. However, his conduct showed that of the Gothamite of all classes towards women.

“Blaine—Blaine—
Jay Gould’s Blaine—
Continental liar—
From the State—of Maine.”

The chant requires an explanation. J. G. Blaine is the name of the Republican candidate for the presidency, that was contested at the time I am writing of. The reason given for calling him Jay Gould’s Blaine lay in the assertion that he was the willing and paid tool of Jay Gould, an American millionaire, whose modes of increasing his wealth did not seem to particularly please the public at large. “Continental liar” cannot, perhaps, be fully explained in the confines of a volume like this. The expression “continental” is often used in the United States, where the word “damned” would be considered inelegant, and “liar,” one of the two epithets that in Gotham call for blood, was given Mr. Blaine by one of America’s, if not the world’s, greatest clergymen—the Reverend Mr. Henry Ward Beecher. I will not presume to criticise Mr. Beecher’s choice of words, especially as this eminent divine is undoubtedly an authority on their use, and could act and prove his allegations.

“From the State of Maine” requires no explanation, it is evident, as Mr. Blaine is a resident of the State that rhymes with his name.

The doggerel in itself presents nothing noteworthy except that those who chanted it could not at the time tell whether they were not committing what in kingdoms would have been a "*lese-majesty*." And how they chanted it! Imagine, if you can, thousands of serious, well-dressed men, all wearing silk hats and gloves, all carrying canes, not a smile on their faces, and representing the heaviest interests in the country; imagine them trudging the streets for over four hours to pass before their candidate, and never ceasing their chant. It was like the roar of the mighty ocean—but was it a menace against the peace of the land, if the opposing candidate should be elected? A person who did not know the Gothamites would tremble for the result. Those thousands of faces were too earnest to allow any trifling, but I have not the slightest hesitancy in saying that if their candidate had been honestly defeated, those men would have returned to their offices, warehouses and factories, and would have quietly said: "Well, we will beat the Republicans next time."

The Republican and Democratic parties are the two principal political divisions in the North American republic. The essential difference between them is the desire of the Republican party to center the power of the land in Washington, while the Democratic party advocates absolute self-government by each individual State, combining, however, for all purposes of foreign negotiation or dispute, under the head at Washington. Other parties rise and fall, but the two original great parties remain. In fact, every person who devises an idea, a thought or invention, in the United States, makes it the basis of a new religion, a "system" of medicine or a political party.

During the election that I have mentioned, three other candidates were ambitious for the first office in the land. Among them was General Benjamin F. Butler, the Governor of the State of Massachusetts, who called

himself the workingman's candidate. He would have polled a heavy vote had it not been shown shortly before the election that his candidacy was a farce and paid for by the Republican party, to draw votes from Cleveland.

Another candidate was Mr. John P. St. John, also a Governor, who based his hopes on obtaining many votes upon the fact that he is the head of a party which advocates prohibition of the manufacture, importation, sale and consumption of spiritous and malt liquors. He did not expect to be elected, but he spent a great part of his fortune to show the strength of the American water-drinkers, who wish to legislate intoxicating liquors out of the country. I believe that he received nearly 50,000 votes.

The other candidate was—a woman—Mrs. Belva Lockwood. She is practicing law in Washington, and rides about that town on a tricycle. I heard her lecture—my ticket of admission cost \$1.50 (six marks)—and I was pleased with her earnestness and decided argumentative ability; but I cannot, for the life of me, understand how an advocate, who knows that she cannot cast a ballot, can ask that ballots be cast for her. The people who are called “short-haired women and long-haired men,” which graphically describes their appearance, and who are American prototypes of our socialists in their loudly-uttered desires to subvert the existing order of things, were Mrs. Lockwood's supporters.

All of the parties were bitter in their opposition to each other, and the bitterness lasted even after the election, when the result was still in doubt, How strong the feeling was is best shown by an extract from the *New York Herald* of November 8th. I was told that it never before had taken a positive stand upon any matter, and that it always had but one tendency, that of being “strong with the strong.” The heat of the struggle, I think, caused the *Herald* to exaggerate,

or even to create the danger to the public peace, which I do not believe ever existed.

GUARDING THE STATE.

How the People Stood on Watch Yesterday.

THE BLAINE-GOULD RING BROKEN.

New York's Electoral Vote to Go to Cleveland and Hendricks.

"Here you are; Blaine's funeral for five cents."

This was the cry of a hundred boys from early in the morning to late in the afternoon at the corner of Fulton Street and Broadway, where thousands and thousands of people, passing and repassing, made it one of the marvels of the period that scores were not trampled under foot by crowds of men, mashed by wheels of stages, knocked over by excited horses or tripped upon the frozen pavement by pickpockets with nefarious intent.

Pickpockets?

Yes, plenty of them.

New York yesterday was a center toward which ras-calism sent its multitudes.

What's all this talk about a riot?

Well, day before yesterday it bade fair to be something more than talk. The deep ground-swell, far below the surface, gave evidence of a tidal wave, which, had it come, as was feared, and had it gone in the direction toward which it tended, would have turned the fair face of metropolitan life into the grotesque and horrible features of discord and torch-bearing rebellion.

THE VICIOUS UNDERTOW.

There were two features marked and notable in yesterday's development. On its face New York was as calm and as cheery as so bright and prosperous a city ought to be, but underneath there was a sullen feeling, which needed but a leader to break forth into something more than vociferation, something more difficult

to handle than the ordinary peaceful gatherings that have characterized the ongo of the present campaign. Thursday night fists were shaken; Friday hands were grasped. Few besides the police know how threatening a condition of affairs existed in the first city of the Union during the long, silent watches of that turbulent night. Few besides men in authority understand, even now, when the papers of the day have told them partial stories of apprehended outbreak, how serious was the crisis.

Jay Gould and Blaine understood it.

Jay Gould's friends apprehended what might occur.

Jay Gould's servants and adherents and followers saw the cloud in the sky, considerably bigger than one man's hand, which menaced threateningly their chief, whether rightful or not.

Many people are disposed yet to believe that the extraordinary telegram sent by the head and front of Wall street yesterday, was an evidence of fear for his personal safety.

How so?

Jay Gould has lived in this city many years. He is mentally acute, bright, cautious, defiant, in times of ordinary emergency, but when occasion confronts him with physical danger, especially if that means loss of property — his sore spot — he weakens, he seeks his corner, he sulks like the ancient warrior in his den, he resembles the late Rachel and refuses to be comforted. After a few hours of this sentiment he backs down, breaks down and utilizes his unquestioned expertness of brain and vast facility of resource in extricating himself from whatever scrape he may be in to the best of his ability.

THE TART CONDITION OF THURSDAY.

What was the situation down to Thursday night?

Cleveland had been elected; Blaine had a fair chance to receive the certificate.

Did that produce any effect?

It very decidedly produced a very decided effect. The people of New York, without regard to party, determined that that sort of thing had gone far enough when it was hinted at. Good men and bad men alike, as the profane vociferator in bar-rooms and the pious exhorters in prayer meetings, agreed, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no further," unless you want to bring about you a mob determined, convinced, resolute and prepared to abide by the consequences of their acts.

Jay Gould's relations with the Western Union Telegraph Company are well known, and in some way the people of the city and of the country at large became possessed of the idea and solid in the conviction, that it being to his interest to have Blaine from Maine made Blaine in Washington, he would, in some way known to his fertile brain, bring about the desired result. Not that there was the faintest wish in the popular mind to divert the honest vote of the people from a fair count; not that they wished Blaine to be cheated; not that their feelings were so extremely partisan as to traverse their patriotic love of the nation's honor; but that as they were willing to have Mr. Blaine declared the choice of the United States, if such were the fact, so were they determined that Cleveland should have his rights, if the rights were his, and that the gonfalon of victory should be waved over his head if he was the victor.

Friday morning dawned.

The independent press and the Cleveland journals agreed that New York State's 36 votes belonged to Grover Cleveland. The Blaine partisan papers argued the other way, and boldly flaunted a table of electoral votes, showing that it was not only their wish, but their determination, to hold all that was good and as much as was bad as they dared in the face of the popular will.

Then came the mutterings. Mutterings at first were

comparatively mild. They grew to storm proportions. Here and there hand-to-hand fights were resorted to, and the news of trouble in Boston and reports of riots in Hocking Valley seemed to be a kind of suggestion to tens of thousands of people, who, apparently having nothing better to do, paraded the streets with shouts and songs of hilarity. The talk about Jay Gould and Jay Gould's house had fairly frightened the timid citizen. Two ends were plainly in view—riot, bloodshed, scoundrelism and the blackening of the fair fame of the metropolis on the one hand, and decent, good-natured acquiescence in the will of the majority, which would mean an immediate return to ordinary channels of occupation and to normal planes of action, on the other.

Jay Gould has been for years a student of human nature—and of the stock market.

The book was never more widely opened than yesterday morning.

Carefully he conned it; studiously he perused it. The type was large; the matter leaded; its suggestions pregnant and its warnings unmistakable.

Quick as a flash he turned, and as rapidly as the electric current he controls could send it to Grover Cleveland, he sent words of greeting and of cheer, congratulating him that he not only carried the State over whose destinies as a State he presides, but that thereby he had been carried on the crest of the wave of popularity to the highest pinnacle known to American ambition. This was the despatch:

NEW YORK, Nov. 7, 1884.

GROVER CLEVELAND, Governor, Albany, N. Y.:

I heartily congratulate you on your election. All concede that your administration as Governor has been wise and conservative, and in the larger field as President I feel that you will do still better and that the vast business interests of the country will be entirely safe in your hands.

Signed.

JAY GOULD.

What induced him to send this? Fear of personal violence?

Not a bit of it.

It was simply the quick move of a sharp speculator. Through his control of the Western Union wires he had full knowledge of the election of Cleveland and Hendricks. He had held the news back, however, until he had laid his plans in the market; then he sent out a despatch through the Associated Press, over his own signature, that Cleveland was elected.

Clever, wasn't it?

And he killed two birds with one stone; for, recognized as the partner of Blaine, his despatch was intended to be evidence from Republican headquarters that they gave up the presidency, while at the same time he hoped it would stem the tide of popular indignation setting so strongly against him in this city.

Did it stem the tide?

It very decidedly did.

It stemmed it so far as its rush and flow and tremendous impetus in the direction of violence were concerned. It made Jay Gould solid for another term of operations. It kept the great city of New York free from scenes of brutal violence. It saved thousands of women from hours of anxiety, and possibly preserved the head of many a father to his little ones for years to come.

Strange, isn't it?

Well, no, not particularly strange. Not that Jay Gould or any other single man amounts to much more than his fellows; but, as the engineer whose hand is upon the throttle of a locomotive, bound, with a loaded train behind him, over a track at the rate of sixty miles an hour, is of much more significance, so far as general results are concerned, than any one or any one hundred of the thousand passengers his train is carrying, so it chances that this one man sits in the place of presumed power, controlling the rumors, the gossip, the information, the reports made by the marvelous organization known as the Western Union Telegraph Company, and his influence permeates every

office of the Associated Press throughout this broad, enlightened land. Whether it be true or whether it be false that he has controlled in any way these reports, it is the widespread, well-grounded conviction in a million minds that that is precisely what he has been doing ever since 4 o'clock on Tuesday afternoon. Well was it for him that he stopped whatever he was doing long enough to send that congratulatory telegram to Grover Cleveland.

Thence on the city's kaleidoscope took another turn.

Although several bulletins in and about Printing House Square told conflicting stories, there was no doubt in the minds of the masses who stood there that Grover Cleveland was elected President of the United States. Although one bulletin after another placarded in legible type that in all probability the State had gone for Blaine, there was no doubt in the minds of the people, who stood patiently for hours waiting for some official announcement, that the Empire State had given its vote for its present Chief Magistrate, and that the certificate for that election would certainly be handed to him. It is estimated that more than a hundred thousand bets were made after the nomination in Chicago, whose issue was to be determined by the vote on Tuesday last. Bets on special counties, such as Kings and New York, and on individuals, such as the Mayor and the District Attorney, and minor candidates, were declared settled, and the money paid, in many instances, yesterday; but there was, and is, a general disinclination on the part of betting men in general, and amateurs in particular, to accept anything but official returns as their guide in deciding wagers. A prominent politician in the Morton House yesterday paid a leading journalist in the city \$1,000, won by the latter on the fact that Cleveland carried New York County by over 40,000 majority. A great many bets on Kings County and Brooklyn were declared settled and the money paid. It is probable that to-day the Fifth Avenue

Hotel, the Hoffman House, the Astor House — in which places tremendous sums of money were deposited, held by the proprietors subject to the issue of the election — will be very busy while the money changes hands.

PECULIAR TYPES SEEN YESTERDAY.

Yesterday's restlessness and excitement were of a different type from anything we have seen in this city for a long time. There was no possible cause for apprehension of immediate danger, yet for all that a close observer could not avoid detecting signs of readiness for anything on the part of the people in that crowd. It is the greatest commentary on the business aspect of affairs in New York that so many scores of thousands of people can afford to idle away their days, hours and hours at a time, day after day, as they have done since Tuesday morning last. Generally by noon of the day following election the city is perfectly quiet, the people are perfectly satisfied, congratulatory drinks are imbibed, and business resumes its customary tread along the highways and by-ways of commerce. Outside of the bar-rooms, New York has done comparatively nothing since Tuesday last. But, oh, how the bar-rooms have captured the dollars of the daddies who keep house between the Battery and Harlem River. The scenes in these places absolutely "beggars description." The facile pen of a ready writer would need no better text for an applejack sermon or a John-Barleycorn lecture than the picture of pandemonium with which the chief "gin-mills" of New York overran all day yesterday and all night, as they had all day the day before and that night, and all day the day before that and all night.

Two things are settled:

First — Grover Cleveland is elected President of the United States.

Second — Voters now have a chance to make the acquaintance of their families.

The women and children of New York are always interested in politics, to a certain extent. On this occasion they have been excited to such an extent that it would be absolutely impossible to define its limits. This assertion is borne out by the crowds of women and children who have been on the streets mingling in the throng, particularly up-town, since the excitement towered to its unaccustomed height. Newsboys say they sold more extras on streets entirely devoted to domesticity yesterday and day before than they ever sold before. Even extras detailing reports of great accidents and notable occurrences were comparatively neglected. Every issue of the *Telegram*, for instance, was swallowed by the community red-hot from the press. Buckwheat cakes on a frosty morning never disappeared down the hungry throats of farmers with greater rapidity than the *Telegrams* were devoured by the eager eyes and anxious, impatient, restless, dissatisfied people. The sun of peace and concord should rise to-day. The blanket of certainty should smother all apprehensions of violence and excitement, and universal humanity should seek solace each in the way of his individual preference. Grumbling is not the customary condition of the American people in general or New Yorkers in particular. They find pleasure and profit and comfort in accepting finalities; but nothing seems to stir the innermost cockle of angry hearts so absolutely and so vehemently as a belief that trickery, treachery and unfairness, in some way or another, are likely to defeat the will of a majority. That will has been expressed, and in that will the universal people acquiesce.

CAPTAIN WILLIAMS' ANTE-MORTEM OBITUARY.

No better evidence can be offered of the excited, nervous state of the public yesterday than is furnished in the eagerness with which various rumors of small-sized riots here and there were started and circulated

from one end of the city to the other. One of these, which helped to sell quite a large number of "extras" of a Blaine afternoon sheet, was to the effect that Police Captain Williams had been shot and killed while attempting to disperse a mob in the neighborhood of the Democratic Committee headquarters. It was said that his action in stopping the Democratic parade the night before while closing his eyes to a number of *al fresco* Republican turnouts had been the origin of the trouble. It was in all the hotels, bar-rooms and business exchanges in an hour. Captain Williams laughed heartily when a *Herald* reporter transmitted the tidings of his demise to him and asked him if he was full of bullets. He was engaged at the time in burning his own funeral pyre, which was about five inches long and looked as if it had come from Havana. He said there had been no row in his vicinity. Everything was as peaceful as a daisy, and had been all the morning. As for the dear Democrats, he did not believe they desired to have a hair of his head injured.

WHERE THE CROWDS GATHERED.

ENTHUSIASM AND BLUSTER AMONG UP-TOWN PARTISANS.

Tranquility — comparatively soothing and comparatively restful after the pandemonium of the previous nights — crept over the medley of high hats and winter overcoats in the Hoffman House and Fifth Avenue Hotel last night and lulled to peace no end of sore throats and wearied tongues. It was accompanied in each instance by a squad of police whose functions were distinctly stated to be the prevention of political discussion.

They were a godsend.

People had fretted and fumed till they were almost out of their senses. Some had been for Heaven knows how many consecutive hours ready to fly at one

another's throats or shake one another's arms out of the sockets. The dainty bartenders, through excess of orders, looked limp and woebegone, like busted lilies on a used-up stem. Every one was fagged out.

"If this were to keep up," said "Ed" Stokes, trying to get the wrinkles out of a soft hat, "if this were to keep up, I'd be a wreck in no time. Three days of it is too rich for my stomach."

He was voicing the feelings of the crowd, and yet, when rumor brought in word that the Republicans were issuing brand new manifestoes and turning out a choice job lot of fresh returns, every one picked up energy somehow and the tongues fell to clattering with undiminished energy. People came swarming in. The bronzes and tapestries about the walls seemed resting on a floor of heads, and the fleshly tints of Bourgeois's painting in the full flash of the gaslights were suffused with a shifting cloud of tobacco smoke.

And what was the complexion of gossip?

Frequently lurid.

"I'm an old man," said an old contractor to the swarm that hedged him in, "and I've seen fighting. I've seen a nation stolen once, too. But before I see it a second time, old as I am, I'll shoulder a musket, and don't you forget it."

"Pshaw!" cried Colonel Tracy, elbowing his way along, with a volley of questions raking him right and left. "What's the use of talking? Our man has been elected. He will take his seat, and that's the end of it."

EVERYTHING SAFE.

Senator Murphy was talking to another group.

"Everything's safe, and no one need worry. All the lying that can be done now won't alter the result an iota. Cleveland is, of course, to be the next President."

"But," said a betting man, "they do hold on around there on Fifth Avenue by their teeth and toenails."

"So they do," said another. "But if their claims are worth anything, let them put them in the market around the corner. They can get fifteen or twenty to one on Cleveland there. If money tells, give it a show."

Every one in the neighborhood seemed to be in the same frame of mind. Even in the Fifth Avenue Hotel Cleveland's election was admitted as a certainty, and people were only hoping for assurances that would send the outside street crowds home. The latter were massed on Fifth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, eyeing the stereopticon. Evidently their enthusiasm was pretty well worn out, but the small talk that prevailed there showed that all doubt of the result was removed, and that any hint at fraud would start a storm.

Twenty-fourth Street was fairly choked with a mighty throng that stood massed about the headquarters of the Democratic National Committee. There was an easy assurance about the gathering that showed its doubts were over, and whenever a new-comer proposed a cheer, or any fresh bit of information was announced, it was responded to with a ring that was fairly ear-splitting. Time and again the assembly were assured that there was no occasion for their tarrying longer; that all was settled, and nothing more was to be learned. But those who dropped away only made room for new-comers, and till midnight the street was the very embodiment of hurrahdom.

DESULTORY ENTHUSIASM.

Pass from it to the headquarters of the Republican State Committee, and one experienced a change of sensations. There was a crowd there, too. On its outskirts rumors were flying about a Blaine plurality of 250. The closer one went to the headquarters the larger the plurality grew, until in the vestibule of the building it was 1,102, and inside about 1,600. There were few people indoors. A squad of police stood on the stoop to prevent the crowd from entering, and the

assembly outside chiefly occupied themselves with repeating the old, stereotyped campaign cries. And while desultory cheers rang out, proposed for some one or something by voices in the crowd, newsboys were loudly proclaiming on one side the election of Cleveland and on the other the election of Blaine.

"In Heaven's name who is doing the lying?" asked Tom Maguire, the old California theatrical manager. "Here Blaine is President. Around the corner they're making arrangements for Cleveland's inauguration."

"Extra!" yelled a boy, thrusting one in his hand.

"What's in it?"

"The latest. Blaine elected by 200."

But just then another was poked before him.

"What's this?"

"Latest returns. Cleveland elected by 1,400."

"Go away!" cried Maguire, "go away! My brains stood the pressure of a lot of campaign and double-refined Democratic lies. But this is too much. I am sinking under the strain."

Down town where the electric lights had shown and the multitudes had hustled and hurraed themselves hoarse, there was quiet for the first time since election. The assurances of the day that the contest was over, the issue decided and nothing could deprive Cleveland of his right, had sent every one away confident and content.

MR. WARREN TALKS.

Mr. James D. Warren, chairman of the Republican State Committee, was sitting in the Gilsey House last evening, stoically fingering a Western Union envelope and discussing ways and means with a fellow committeeman when a Herald reporter approached him.

"I won't say a d——d word to the Herald," said Mr. Warren, assuming a hedgehog air. "I am simply but firmly not to be interviewed."

The reporter said he only wished to submit a despatch which had been received from Augusta, for the

purpose of verifying the truth of the statement. The despatch read as follows:

"The latest advices received here from New York are to the effect that the Republican committees, State and National, after a careful examination of the whole ground, are satisfied that the State has gone for Blaine and Logan. They say that a correct count will show a small Republican plurality, and that they have taken steps to establish the fact."

Mr. Warren consented to read the despatch. "Well," he said, handing it back, "I don't see anything out of the way about that statement."

"Did the committee send it out?"

"The committee, young man, are not sending out things. We answer a great many questions put by a great many persons, many of whom, I am sorry to say, are reporters. So far as the State vote is concerned, there is nothing to say until the official figures have been canvassed. That will take a week yet. There is nothing to do in the meantime but to quietly wait for the count to take place. For my own part I believe that Blaine is elected, but the thing is not certain until the official figures are all in."

"But have you not received them all?"

"We have not."

"What ones are missing?"

"That I cannot say. As for these estimates, between you and I, I haven't the slightest confidence in them. They are naturally (though honestly) colored by the feelings of those who make them, and just as like as not some unlooked-for peculiarity in a single district will come in and upset all calculations. For this reason I say we must wait for the official count. If that is honestly made, I shall be satisfied. If it elects Cleveland by eight votes, let him be counted in. If, on the contrary, it elects Blaine by even so few, he must be given the place. But we shall insist upon a fair count,

and if any attempt at fraud is made we shall take measures to prevent it."

"What steps have been taken to establish 'the fact' of Blaine's election, as reported in this telegram from Augusta?"

"I have nothing to say regarding any steps taken by the committee. All we are interested in is to secure an honest count."

Mr. Warren said he should remain in New York for several days — until the question was definitely settled.*

And how did it all end? The votes were finally counted officially, and Grover Cleveland was found to have obtained 219 electoral votes, eighteen more than he required to make him President of the United States from March 4, 1884, to March 4, 1888, and the disappointed supporters of the other candidates quietly went to work by the side of those with whom a few days before they exchanged the most terrific threats. And who dare say that the Americans are cowards? Who dare say that they will not fight? What foreign nation will raise its hand against that infant Colossus, that has not a serviceable man-of-war and almost no standing army? Woe unto any nation that would dare.

And I hold that the sudden collapse of political dissension, the quick return to peaceful pursuance of the avocations of life, is the most powerful evidence of greatness that great hybrid nation could offer.

That I cannot speak so well of purely local politics I regret, and leave to another chapter.

*TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.—The author adds many explanatory notes to this clipping. As they contain only matters that are well-known in the United States, it is not believed necessary to reproduce them.

CHAPTER XIII.

GOTHAM'S LOCAL POLITICS.

The Cash Value of Offices — Gentlemen Politicians — The Micks and the Macks — Mr. Brownstone's Adventures — McSly, the "Boss" — "Wurrkin' the Deestrick'" — The Irish Need But Apply, and Only the Irish — Softs Snaps — The Delightful Tweed Charter — A Factory of "Statesmen" — The Remedy.

IT is a curious anomaly, that while the men whom Gotham chooses to fill the State offices, or to represent it in the Federal Legislature, are as a rule above the average, both in ability and integrity, its local politics are a scandal to the city and a burlesque upon republican government. I say this boldly, because I find the average Gothamite not only does not object to my throwing stones in this direction, but will even — if not too lazy — help me pick out the largest and sharpest he can find for the purpose! There are several reasons for this state of things — one is the great value of the local officers; the highest *State* official, the Governor, gets a salary of only \$10,000 a year, with the use of the executive mansion; but there are many positions in Gotham which are worth from \$10,000 to \$100,000 each, besides an immense amount of political patronage. Naturally, such prizes are worth striving for, and are not to be gained without organized and systematic effort. This means the expenditure of much money, more time, and, if possible, even more political skill and method. Now, the average Gothamite is not a politician; if in active life he realizes perhaps more thoroughly than any one else that "time is money;" and he cannot, or thinks he cannot, afford to devote any of it to looking after politics. If he is a man of leisure, almost the last thing that enters his head is

political ambition. He may yacht, or fish, or drive a four-in-hand—or, if he wants to imagine he is doing something, he may pretend to be a lawyer, or go in for art, if his taste inclines that way; but he is about as likely to take a dive off an East River pier as to descend—as he considers it—into the arena of active politics. The natural consequence of this state of things is the evolution and prosperity of the ward—or district—"Boss." Gotham has for the last fifty years been a sort of dumping ground for the riff-raff of Europe—the vast majority of all emigrants to this country enter its gates, but unfortunately, as a rule, the good ones only pass through them. The thrifty German, with his few dollars of savings, makes at once for the West, goes to farming, or at his trade, and is from the very beginning a valuable addition to his adopted land; but the Irishman, who also comes by the hundred thousand, does not take to farming—or, indeed, to any kind of work that he can help; he is essentially gregarious, and prefers to remain where others have already provided bread and whisky—especially whisky—rather than to go to a new country and strike out for himself. He finds a host of his fellow-countrymen here already. Very soon—entirely too soon, as a rule—he becomes naturalized, and gets his vote; before long he will be keeping a corner groggery; and in due course of time he will be able to control his hundred or his thousand votes, and be recognized as a power in his district, for every Irishman is a born schemer; and it is undeniable that he possesses a certain aptitude for organization and combination: a low kind of ability, if you will, but still, when united with a resolute determination to carry his point, and an utter unscrupulousness in doing it, he is a really formidable factor in society. Theoretically, of course, the best men are nominated for office, by the representatives of the people, after due discussion and deliberation,

and elected by the free and untrammelled voice of the voters at the polls ; practically, the Gothamite knows nothing of the candidate until he is formally presented as the choice of his party ; and goes to the polls simply to ratify the acts of the Boss. These candidates are nominated at meetings held in the various districts, known as primary meetings—generally called primaries, for brevity. Every voter is supposed to be informed of the time and place of holding these ; as a matter of fact, the notices are apt to be printed in an out-of-the-way corner of some obscure paper he never heard of, much less saw ; if by accident he does hear of it, the probability is that the appointed place is in or near a bar-room, owned or controlled by the Boss ; and if he conquers his natural repugnance to going into such a den, he finds it so full of the practical element, that it is plainly a waste of time to stay there in the idea of accomplishing anything. The whole ticket or “ slate ” has already been made up in secret caucus by the leaders, and the primary is only held to comply with the requirement of the law, and to put the official seal upon the cut-and-dried programme.

But most likely the first he knows of it is when he opens his paper at the breakfast table and reads, with unutterable disgust, that at the primary held last night O'Forger was nominated for alderman. Very likely he swears that rather than support such a scoundrel—as O'Forger very likely is—he will vote the Republican, or Democratic, ticket, as the case may be ; but when, a few days later, he reads that the other party has nominated the equally notorious McDecoy for the same position, he has no choice but to vote blindly for the nominee of his own party, or—what is practically the same thing, since it works on both sides—scratch that name off the ballot, comforting himself with the reflection that the candidate for Mayor and the Governor are good men, and that he can't help the rest.

For here is where the shrewdness of the Boss is conspicuously displayed. It matters comparatively little to him who is elected Congressman or Governor, or even Mayor—who is now not much more than a respectable figure-head—but it is of very vital importance who holds the office of Sheriff or County Clerk, or any of the “soft things” of Gotham. He therefore rarely attempts to interfere with the former class of nominations, except so far as it may be profitable for him, as intimating the weight he could throw against them, in case his schemes were opposed; so a tacit, if not explicit, understanding is arrived at, by virtue of which he casts his vote in favor of the Congressman—who is gratified at the increased majority thus secured—and receives in return the co-operation, or at least the absence of opposition, on the part of the latter's supporters, which enables him to attain his own ends.

Of course, as a stranger and sojourner, I owe allegiance to neither of the great political parties, nor have I the right nor the wish to attempt to judge between them; but I am convinced, from careful observation, that the professional politician, whether he dons the livery of the Republican or the Democrat, is the same at bottom; his methods, his principle—or the lack of it—his aim and ambition, are identical in all cases. Nor can either party claim to be better than the other in this respect; in fact some of the most outrageous cases of legislative injustice have been perpetrated by a union of this base element of both; the thrice infamous Tweed charter, for instance, under the burden of which Gotham is to day groaning, was carried through the Legislature only by the help of the Republicans, many respectable Democrats voting against it, although it was a party measure.

This evil can be condemned by the most superficial observer, but to suggest the remedy is by no means an easy task. The founders of the Government could not, of course, foresee the enormous flood of ignorant and

vicious immigration that has been pouring in upon this country for the last half century; had they done so, doubtless they would have devised some limitation or qualification of the suffrage, as did they of Rhode Island — wiser or more fortunate in their generation — but as it seems probable that universal suffrage is now firmly established, the problem must be dealt with as it stands. To do the Gothamite justice, he has been trying lately to reform the system; but the path is a steep and stony one, and well calculated, in his own slang, to "make him weary." Many suggestions, more or less practical, have been made.

It is said that gentlemen should take "an active interest in politics," and "all honest men should co-operate for good government;" but the trouble is that the average gentleman or honest man finds most of his time and energy required for his profession, his business or trade, and cannot acquire the practical knowledge or skill which would enable him to cope with the man who makes politics his life; who stops at nothing, however infamous, so long as he can keep to the windward of the law. To contend with such men on their own ground, backed only by patriotism and courage, is simply to play against the loaded dice of the gambler, and with about the same chance of succeeding that an oyster would have of winning the Grand Prix de Paris.

It is not very many years ago that all Gotham — except the victim — was laughing over the mishaps of one of these amateur reformers. Mr. Brownstone — let us call him — was emphatically one of the "solid men" of Gotham, a pillar of finance in Wall Street and an ornament of society in Fifth Avenue. He enjoyed the unfeigned esteem and respect of all classes of his fellow-citizens with whom he came in contact. Although an earnest supporter of his party, he had taken no part in politics, save to "vote the regular ticket," and to contribute more than liberally to the legitimate expenses necessary to ensure its success. But of late years the

conviction had been growing upon him that he ought to do something more than merely cast his ballot or draw his check; that he ought to devote some of his time and personal influence to raising the standard of political morality. In brief, he became converted to the idea that the gentlemen should be the workers as well as the voters. He resolved to take an active part in the campaign which was just opening; and as he was never a man to do things by halves, he determined to begin at the very beginning, and attend the primary in his district.

Having found out, with some little difficulty, the place of meeting — which no Gothamite needs to be told was in the back-room of a liquor store — he drove down, in that after-dinner frame of mind which is the natural result of an easy conscience and a perfect digestion; arriving he found the air blue with tobacco smoke and heavy with the fumes of whisky, and the room packed with the henchmen of the notorious "Boss," who was presiding. The eye of the latter fell upon the stately form of Brownstone, whose evening dress made him more than usually conspicuous among the shirt-sleeved throng. In a flash the wily politician saw and grasped his opportunity; springing to his feet, and hammering vigorously for order, "Gintlemen," he said, "I have great playsure in welcoming wan who is so well known to all of us, though in the twinty years that I have lived in this deestrik I have niver seen him at a primary befoore; but we must all rejoice when gintlemen loike him are pathreotic enough to wurrk with us; and if more of thim would do it, it would be a happy day for our counthry. I think the laste we can do to show our appreciation of Mr. Brownstone's coming here to-night is to ask him to take the chair, which I am proud to yield to him." And without waiting for the formality of assent, he came down to escort Brownstone to the platform, the crowd falling back respectfully, though with ill-concealed amazement, at

this, to them, mysterious move on the part of "the ould man." Now Brownstone was undeniably gratified at this reception; not merely because, in a place where he was somewhat doubtful as to his standing, he was received with that consideration to which he was accustomed, but even more from finding his preconceived ideas as to the influence that a gentleman might exert in politics apparently confirmed. Taking the chair with his usual dignity, the "Boss" seating himself by his side, but modestly a little in the rear, and beaming through his gold-mounted spectacles, he inquired, in the bland tones with which the bank parlor was so familiar, what was the further pleasure of the meeting?

Sprang up, then, at a secret sign from the "Boss," one of the "heelers," and moved the nomination of Dennis McStealum "as member of the Assembly;" a dozen voices seconded the motion, and cries of "Question! question!" arose on all sides. In vain did Brownstone, accustomed to the more stately deliberations of his directors, try to make his voice heard in the tumult, and to protest that he had never even heard of the proposed candidate. The cries grew louder. The Boss, in seemingly deferential whispers, assures him that Dennis deserved well of the party, and hinted — what the unlucky Brownstone knew only too well — that the iron rule of parliamentary procedure left him no choice but to put the question. For the first and only time in his life his clear brain failed him. Lacking presence of mind to leave the chair, he complied. A storm of ayes shook the walls, and the roar of applause that followed would have drowned any dissenting voices had they been raised — which they were not. Then, in quick succession, followed the nominations of O'Gougeum, McSwindle, and some more of that ilk. Mechanically and half-dazed he went through the performance, which was gradually becoming like a horrible dream, until suddenly the

Boss rose to move a vote of thanks for the able manner in which their honored fellow citizen had presided over this important meeting—and an adjournment. This was immediately carried, and Brownstone, attended to his carriage by the throng of Micks, drove off amid cheers, enthusiastic, if slightly tipsy. His feelings as he rolled homeward were somewhat mixed, to say the least; things hadn't gone exactly as he had expected; still, he had done his part. Glad he went? Well, yes, on the whole; but not quite sure whether it would be necessary to go to another. At any rate, he had fulfilled his duty, and it was over. *Over*, was it? The next morning, and every day during the weary weeks before election, the opposition press rang with indignant denunciation and scathing sarcasm. "Politics were bad enough before," said these merciless assailants, "when they were avowedly in the hands of venal and corrupt ward politicians; but what is to be said of the appearance of such a man as Brownstone as the open supporter of their methods? How are we to account for his presiding over a packed meeting of Boss McSly's creatures, and throwing all his influence to secure the success of such an infamous gang of jail-birds as the nominees who were then brought forward for high and responsible offices?"

As a matter of fact, the ticket was no worse than that usually presented; but such an opportunity could not be slighted.

"What does Mr. Brownstone want?" they went on. "He is not a child, but one of the shrewdest and ablest men in a community which has hitherto held him in honor and respect. It is impossible that he should have taken such a step without some deep-laid purpose, and it is naturally a cause for grave apprehension. We await, with an anxiety which we do not attempt to conceal, the development of this new phase in politics."

Nay, some of them went even further.

"Is this man," they cried, with a twist of virtuous indignation, "fit to be at the head of a great financial institution which daily handles millions of other people's money? Can a man who has shown himself so utterly destitute of the first principles of political decency, not to say honor, be a safe guide in business? Is he who deliberately tries to corrupt the morals of his fellows to be trusted with their property?"

And this to Brownstone! Brownstone, who, for years, had been President of the great Gold Coin Bank, whose operations were the wonder and the admiration of the financial world; whose stock was practically priceless, and whose lucky shareholders had been enriched by innumerable dividends, quarterly as to time and fabulous as to amount! Brownstone, whose word was, if such a thing were possible, even better than his bond — whose very name stood for punctilious, almost Quixotic integrity! Nor were the papers of his party much pleasanter reading. Those who happened to have any personal ill-feeling toward him — and a man's foes, we know, may be those of his own household — commented, with an affected *regret*, that was even more than open hostility, upon his unfortunate position. They did not, of course, believe for a moment the insinuations of the opposition press; nor did they think that the stockholders or depositors of Gold Coin Bank need have any fears for their money — and they firmly believe that all would be explained some day, though in the meantime it certainly remained a source of pain and wonder to his friends.

Even his most loyal supporters found the load a heavy one, though they stood up valiantly for him through it all; but it was up-hill and weary work.

Poor Brownstone! He meant well, but he didn't understand practical politics. It is proverbial that good intentions make poor paving stones — as witness — is it Chicago? but they are, if possible, even worse material with which to build a solid political structure.

Of course, this evil system will be overthrown, how or when I do not venture to say—being neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet—but to doubt it would be to doubt the triumph of republican institutions and the future greatness of Gotham itself.

I am no longer a young man, but I have not yet attained the limit of three score and ten allotted by the Psalmist, and I trust—nay, I have faith to believe—that before I do reach it, I may be gladdened by seeing this poisonous parasite on the fair tree of liberty blasted and shrivelled by the lightning of honest indignation and stern, though tardy, justice.

CHAPTER XIV.

CRAZES.

Anglomania—Crazy-Work—Manicure—Roller Skating—Hot Water.

Gotham is peculiarly the home of "crazes," but first, I must tell what a "craze" is. It is not a fashion, as far as dress is concerned, but it is a species of contagion that causes Gothamites to do something, or have something done to them, that is markedly odd if nothing else.

As is well known, a species of insanity has betaken those in whom the Mayflower blood still flows, attenuated to a greater or lesser degree of dilution; they are accused of having spread the contagion that is called Anglomania, a sort of travesty on English manners, and modeled after most absurd types of the 'Enry, Gawge and Hedward style. The very English that they would imitate is murdered by such phrases as "Thahnks, awfully, ye know," or "Thahnks, verwy!" Can anything sound more asinine than these mildest examples? They are employed, of course, mainly by the things called dudes, that are slightly stirred up in these pages, and their rare counterparts, the dudines; for, to their credit, be it said, but few fair Gothamites

will consent to appear absurd. I shall be glad to hear a requiem over Anglomania in Gotham.

I may tell a few current anecdotes in this connection. One happens at a prominent club.

"Hello, Ned! dining at two o'clock—what's the matter!"

"D'ye see, me deah boy, nawthin', d'ye know. It may be two o'clock heah, in Gotham, but it's eight in Lunnon now; and everybody who's anybody dines at eight in Lunnon, ye know."

What an ass Ned is!

Here is another. It is a bright, charming day. Hedward walks up Fifth Avenue with his pantaloons ("twousahs," he says—it's English, ye know) turned up, and an umbrella extended over his head.

"What's the matter now, Ned?" asks his friend as he meets him.

"Oh, nawthin'—only we just weceived a cablegram at the club that it's wainin' in Lunnon, an' I'm fixed fah it, d'ye know."

And Ned struts on full of compassion for those who laugh at him, thus demonstrating their sad ignorance of what is proper for a true Anglomaniac.

An antithesis to this I heard, which is funny.

On a bright day a well known club-man "cwalls up the Ave.," prepared as Ned was.

"Hello, Thompson; is it raining in London?"

Thompson produces a note-book, and mutters as he writes: "Number seventeen."

"Seventeen what?"

"Oh, I just bet Johnson a hundred dollars that before I reached Thirty-fourth Street twenty-five infernal fools would ask me whether it is raining in London. 'Mawnin'."

Enough of this disgusting craze. I am sorry for the Gothamites' virility that I must record and perpetuate even a recollection of this wretched cancer. Selah!

A craze that is not disagreeable, yet, *mirabile dictu*,

very popular, is one that frankly stamps itself as "crazy work," a modification of the ancient patch-quilting that years ago was so comforting to the body and so repugnant to the eye.

"Crazy work" is alleged to be a utilization of all stray bits of cloth of all kinds that cannot be used for any other purpose. These are combined, without system or order, carefully defying everything that even faintly suggests symmetry, and their junctures are covered with the greatest possible variety of stitches, made of all kinds and colors of threaded silk.

So it started and proved really good and useful, for many serviceable articles and ornaments were made with kaleidoscopic effects that could not but please, because of their oddity.

But like everything else in Gotham, it soon "ran to seed," which means that it either becomes "the fake" of disreputable persons, or is developed into a means of ostenting wealth. Crazy work shared the latter fate; ladies made quilts or became their "responsible editors," by causing deft needle-women to work for them, and construct them of most elegant and expensive bits of silks, satins and velvets, of heterogeneous shapes, colors and arrangement, and ornamented with most curious embroideries, so that to-day a "crazy-quilt" containing \$500 worth of material is nothing rare. Imagine your honest German bed covered with a quilt, the material whereof cost M. 2,000! not to mention the handiwork.

I slept under one for one night, and shall never do so again, for I dreamt that the central elephant put his sky-blue trunk through the pea-green cormorant's wing, and drew me out into a yellow grape-vine border up into a moon of silver threads among the golden stars.

Crazy-work infected even literary men. One of them, whom I have condemned to translate this book, if he can find a market for it, wrote a story, which I

would reproduce, so far as our language permits, both as a moral lesson to him and in illustration of this craze. He poses as a reputable member of a most reputable profession — and I am sorry for him; therefore, and out of consideration for his family, I desist.

When I expressed my compassion for the writer of this tale, he said it was uncalled for, as he had been very well paid for his work.

Some time in 1882, I believe it was, that a person in Gotham discovered that the Gothamite's finger-nails were not in a state manifesting aristocratic descent and æsthetic proclivities. This resulted in a "craze," now an institution, called the "manicure." Gotham has a number of manicure establishments, with elegant parlors, in which pretty girls take your hand, cut and trim your nails, polish and burnish and anoint and perfume them, while they chat pleasantly to induce you to come again, for which amusement you pay from \$1—— upward. The toe-nails receive similar attentions, I am told, but the attentions of the female operators are limited to the fingers. It is fun, and I would advise all to waste a dollar this way occasionally.

There are peripatetic manicures of all grades; from those who work for fifty cents to all kinds of prices.

The manicure craze is so popular that people who have special nail-polishers or powders for sale, have published little text-books on "manicuring," and cutlery and jewelers make elegant and very expensive instruments for that purpose. I saw one case containing knives, files and scissors, all mounted in beautiful mother-of-pearl, the price of which was \$300.

It is an innocent, cleanly and neat "craze," gives employment to many honest working people and artisans; therefore it should last. The people who "manicure" (this verb has been manufactured to meet the demand) themselves, spend hours at their fingers

that might otherwise be given to the devil, who finds evil things for idle hands to do.

I have often had cause to bemoan that Gotham has a peculiar tendency to destroy whatever is good in popular things, and I am sure that nothing has suffered so much as what once was a most desirable amusement. I refer to roller-skating. Since it became a "craze," the rinks have become resorts that need police surveillance, and many a young girl now must regret for all her life that she was ever allowed to go to a rink.

It is a pity, for I can conceive of no more healthful pleasure, if in innocent, pure surroundings. I asked the owner of a popular rink why he could not conduct his place properly. He replied: "It would not pay." There is now a union of rink owners being formed to eliminate the bad element and to purify the moral atmosphere about rinks. Until this union is accomplished, the "paying" element that encourages the sale of bad liquors in the rinks, and the maintenance of easily attainable rooms at or near them, is not frightened off, for as soon as the unionists have accomplished their suicidal society, roller-skating rinks will cease to be lucrative investments.

At present there is no town of two thousand inhabitants in the United States that has not at least one rink. There are several papers published in the interest of roller-skating, and the capital invested in the business is not under \$26,000,000, now paying about one hundred per cent, annually.

What an invasion this roller-skating "craze" can make into family affairs is briefly portrayed by the following, which I cut from a Gotham paper. It is a paraphrase of a once very popular temperance song:

THE LATEST FROM THE RINK.

Oh, mamma, dear mamma, come home with me now—

I wonder what papa will think!

He'll meet you to-night with a frown on his brow

For staying so long at the rink.

No lamp has been lighted to-night in the hall,

'Tis dark and the baby's awake.
And — there! I was sure, dearest ma, you would fall—
Some night your poor neck you will break.
Come home, come home,
Oh, mamma, dear mamma, come home.

If this is not a terrible exaggeration, then the sooner roller-skating is abolished the better; if this is one of the meanings of women's emancipation, eastern serfdom would be of more advantage to the family, which is dependent as much as anything is upon the dignity of the wife and mother — the reigning spirit of the home.

Home — that all-encompassing word, full of those conceptions that are the germs of a nation's greatness — is about to be subverted by the greatest nation that speaks the language in which "Home, Sweet Home," was written!

Am I going too far? At another time I may tell what I learned about women's clubs and lodges in Gotham. I am not in a humor to moralize just at present.

I have spoken of ice, and told how inseparable it is from the Gothamite in all states and conditions, and thus have done my duty as a foreigner in decrying what undoubtedly does vast injury. But now comes a craze which, while it lasts, will do injury to the ice trade; I allude to the use of hot water.

Some years ago, some physicians began treating diseases like others do, giving the proper medicines and exquisite care to the patient's diet. In chronic cases this proved difficult, especially as all Gothamites are vast consumers of ice. To amuse these patients all cold drinks were prohibited and the craving overcome by ordering specific quantities of hot water; not warm water, but hot — nearly boiling. The theories advanced were so novel, and the real and imaginary results so satisfactory (remember, pray, these doctors insisted upon an easily-digested, nutritious, healthy diet, proper exercise, rest, and so forth, for at least six months), that the "Hot-water Cure" became

extremely popular; and now, as the Gothamite's tendency is always to fly to extremes, hot water is drunk by the gallon for all kinds of real and imaginary ailments.

There is nothing objectionable in this craze, as, even if driven to excess, it injures no one, except him who indulges in it; it prevents his *imbibing* large quantities of iced drinks, and, when under professional guidance, causes the patient to lead a more natural life. But if I continue to write on "Crazes," I shall have room for nothing else; therefore I cut the matter short here, reserving the rest for when I write again.

CHAPTER XV.

ADS.

Life Too Short to Pronounce Words in Full — Extraordinary Means — Inviting Prosecution — Falsified Cablegrams — Cat's Flesh Stewed in Rhinoceros' Milk — Cut Out Your Mother's Heart — Pretty Girls as Advertisements — Cancer.

IN Gotham, life is deemed too short to pronounce or write lengthy words in full; thus advertisements become *ads.*, and a number of phrases are suggested only by the initials of each constituent.

To what extent advertising is driven in Gotham would be best described by detailing what I would do if I were to attempt to sell a translation of this book in Gotham.

Firstly, I would fill the newspapers with extracts from and comments on this book, and then I would seek extraordinary means to attract the attention of the public to it. I would advertise that I would give \$1,000 to any purchaser of the book who would guess its author; I would have myself arrested for beating a policeman because he did not know where I could purchase a copy.

Then I would run in some doubtful passages and be prosecuted by the Society for the Suppression of Vice. At the same time I would have imitation cable des-

patches manufactured addressed to prominent people, and delivered by boys dressed in uniforms resembling those of the telegraph messengers. They would deliver these messages to the persons addressed, and would require them not only to receipt for them, but to state the exact hour and minute that the message was delivered. They could not but be astonished by something like this:

CABLE MESSAGE.

1148

THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

All CABLE MESSAGES received for transmission must be written on the Message Blanks provided by this Company for that purpose, under and subject to the conditions printed thereon, and on the back hereof, which conditions have been agreed to by the sender of the following message :

THOS. T. ECKERT, General Manager.

NORVIN GREEN, President.

NUMBER	SENT BY	REC'D BY	NO. OF WORDS	FROM
24 G.	R.	S.	21.	Panama.

DECEMBER 20, 1886.

[Received at Central Cable Office, 16 Broad St., New York.]

To A. B.:

Do not believe accusations against wife. Read pages 18, 32, 128, 199 of Karlstein's "Gotham and the Gothamites," out to-day.

Other cablegrams, urging merchants to disprove that they are about to fail, would cause them to read the message through, which would advise them to buy my book.

A procession on a rainy day would offer immense opportunities for advertising my book. I would hire men to paste "dodgers" and "gutter-snipes" on the umbrellas of the assembled multitude, and would have the "affixes" read something in this style:

Cat's Flesh Stewed in Rhinoceros Milk

is not an inviting dish. It has, perhaps, never been used; but if you want to know all that is wicked, fiendish, naughty and outrageous in gotham, read karlstein's gotham and the gothamites, out to-day. Price, 25 and 50 cents. Full of funny, spicy anecdotes.

With Chestnuts and Cheese**Free.**

I must explain that "chestnuts and cheese," in the Gotham slang, means stolen anecdotes.

I would also have dodgers printed in white letters as follows, on very red paper, which always seems particularly ghastly.

CUT OUT

and run to the nearest bookseller and obtain at once Karlstein's Gotham and the Gothamites; only 25 and 50 cents. It will please

YOUR MOTHER'S HEART;

AND

although you cannot

EAT IT

(the book, we mean), it will delight you, because it is served

WITH PLENTY OF SALT!

(Attic salt.)

I would also say something in the shape of pleasant news about my American publishers, something in this style:

CHICAGO'S VILLAINS!

LAIRD & LEE,

INCENDIARY PUBLISHERS.

Down With the Tyrants!

If you want to know all about them, invest a *quarter aff a tahler* (Samuel of Curtis for 25c.) in Karlstein's "Gotham and the Gothamites."

\$100,000 in cash to any man or woman, over 90 or under 6 years of age, who will read the book through once, and repeat its contents in ten minutes.

Then my ingenuity would lead me to hire a large show-window, every ten blocks, on the most prominent thoroughfares. Some of these windows I would have decorated with tropical plants in gorgeous array; others in the form of a most elegant parlor — called drawing-room since Anglomania beset Gotham — and other windows I would have still differently decked. In all of them there would be an extraordinarily pretty young Gothamite, a blonde of the loudest possible type, *dressed* (is that the word?) as for a most aristocratic reception.

She would recline in a handsome rocking-chair, or swing in a hammock. reading a book the size and shape

of this one, and every fifteen minutes she would arise, walk to one end of the window, and protrude her tongue at full length opposite a pretty mirror. All this time she would keep her right side carefully turned from the multitude that would gather at the window. Just when the audience begin to wonder what she will do next, she turns around and exposes her right side for three minutes, so all may read on her very handsome white brocade dress these words in glaring letters:

"The mystery of this Sphinx is fully explained in
"GOTHAM AND THE GOTHAMITES."

By Heinrich Oscar von Karlstein.

Price 25c. in paper.

\$1 cloth.

Read it! Read it!"

Large circus-wagons, with loud brass bands, elegantly engraved fictitious wedding invitations, fancifully-dressed negroes; even death notices could be advantageously employed; not forgetting legal notices, summonses to serve as jurors, witnesses, or even defendants, and menacingly-worded injunctions, can all be employed to the same end. Fictitious extras could be issued, containing notices like this:

EXTRA!

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND

NOT

DEAD

AT 11.45 A. M.—He was seen sitting in his library reading a copy of Karlstein's "Gotham and the Gothamites," laughing heartily. Though the alleged political

CANCER DOES ITS WORK,

we are grateful that our President has no fatal disease, and may live many years to enjoy Karlstein's "Gotham and the Gothamites," which is red-hot from the press to-day, for 25 cents in paper, \$1 in cloth, etc., etc.

The widest range of imagination will not supply the means that can be and are employed in advertising in Gotham. The above are merely samples, giving faint outlines of what is done every day.

CHAPTER XVI.

SIGNS.

Society for the Encouragement of Wearing Clean Shirts—Soap—The Blue Monkey—Blackened Eyes Painted in Their Natural Color While You Wait—Twenty-five Cents Worth of German—Soda Water and Spiritus Frumenti—The Erratic Stationers—Removals.

IT may be an oddity on my part, or perhaps other travelers are given to the diversion I invariably indulge in—that of judging the character of a city by the signs that are intended to attract the eyes of passers-by.

As in advertising, signs, to be attractive in Gotham, must be startling, either amusing or shocking the beholder, to be at all effective. The tendency to facetiousness is most strongly marked.

I feel myself on the way to profound disquisition on my subject-matter, and as I have no desire to bore the reader any more than he deserves, I will leap into *medias res*, illustrating Gotham's peculiarities as far as signs go, and magnanimously allow him who has paid for this book, to draw his inferences.

A shirt-maker, whose extensive establishment seems to indicate that he is doing a good trade, perhaps owes his large patronage to a huge sign over his door that reads:

"Office of the Society for the Encouragement of Wearing Clean Shirts."

Gotham has societies for all conceivable purposes, and many that are not at all conceivable; therefore, I may be pardoned for supposing, when I first saw this sign, that some philanthropist had selected this means of obtaining a good living. I investigated the matter, and the jolly head of the establishment told me that my surmise was quite correct.

Another immense sign is rather a loud picture of a bathing establishment. From the half-open door protrudes the body of an anxious-looking individual, partially covered with a large towel, and from his mouth extends that balloon-like arrangement with which ancient drawings were made eloquent, inscribed:

"Soap! Soap! You Son-of-a-gun, Fairbank's Soap!"

Again I inquired, and the soap agent excused the vulgarity of the sign by telling me that the grocers and others who deal in soap have not a majority of refined exquisites among them; therefore the sign was successful.

Soap recalls the sign of Laugenashenbacher's *Irish* laundry soap; and not a mile away is O'Halloran's *German* soap-factory. While I am not positive that I remember the proper names in these cases, I am sure that the German manufactures the Irish soap, and *vice versa*.

The drinking establishments, especially of our countrymen, are dedicated to some home reminiscence, which, I regret to say, are not particularly striking, apt or well-selected. In "Little Germany," on the east side of Gotham, where our language, or something that resembles it, is spoken, the most vile absurdity in the shape of a sign is that of a beer saloon dedicated to "The Blue Monkey."

Of course I wanted to know the reason. I entered through the light doors that allowed the wind and weather to blow into the rickety den and found that the owner of the place must have desired to describe himself. Excessive drinking had swelled the veins in his face to such an extent that it looked like that of a very blue monkey. He was right.

Another drinking place is called "The Placid Henry;" still another, "Hotel for Gentlemen," both in regions where many arrests for lesser infractions of the law are frequent.

A curious sign is one announcing that "Up Stairs,

Black Eyes are Painted While You Wait." It must be a capital business, as it does not require the sufferer to leave his blackened eye, have it painted, and sent home. The artist is extensively patronized by people whose last night's spree left a mark on their faces.

In very many of Gotham's retail establishments signs in the windows proclaim: "Hier wird Deutsch gesprochen," "Aqui se habla Español," "Si parla Italiano," and, to the credit of the Gothamite's good taste, in some rare nook or corner a little placard is hidden: "Ici l'on parle Français."

A couple of Gothamized Germans who had been celebrating Easter, or some such festival, were on their home-tack, and saw a sign acquainting the world with the fact that our mother-tongue was spoken within a large Broadway establishment. They entered, and the one who was the more sober of the two asked:

"Say, Mishter; you speak Yerman here?"

"Zu dienen, Mein Herr."

"Vell, denn," he said, placing a quarter of a dollar on the counter, "speak me for twenty-five cents wurth of Yerman."

The bibulous Gothamite need not go to vulgar or fine drinking saloons for his dram or ounce of whisky. If he understands Latin he can avoid the imputation of being a drinking man at such pharmacies as ostent signs that they sell "Soda water and spiritus vini frumenti."

Will the reader pardon the hackneyed story of Chinese politeness this sign recalls?

Wing Fo—Illustrious and exquisite Tsing Wa Him, I have a vile, corrupt, disreputable, indecent, badly bred skunk of a son, whose insolence goes to the extreme in desiring the hand of your heavenly, moon-eyed, gorgeous, grand beauty of a daughter.

Tsing Wa Him—Most noble, refined and charming Wing Fo, I do not comprehend how such a grand, intelligent, superb gentleman as your high-bred and well-born son can desire the hand of such a despicable, putrid, disgusting, lazy, good-for-nothing wench as is my daughter, who is not worth the powder to blow her to atoms.

This is politeness in China.

I have mentioned some erratic signs before, but I think that this one, which I copy, caps the climax:

If you wish to be robbed, fleeced, shorn and swindled: Come in here.

CAPPE AND DEMIE,
STATIONERS AND PRINTERS.

—o—
The Highest Prices.

—
The Poorest Work.

—
The Longest Delays.

—
We are determined to satisfy no Customer.

—
The Worst Possible Taste.

—
We ensure disappointment.

—
Any one giving us a trial, will surely never employ us again.

—o—
Do not read this, and if you do, hurry away; we are a bankrupt, rotten, swindling concern.

If you wish to be honestly treated: Go elsewhere.

I think that I may rest upon my laurels as a sign-collector by copying this one, that is so full of transitions:

“Oh, for the first of May! Furniture carefully removed with neatness and dispatch. Also tape-worms.”

CHAPTER XVII.

CHEAP AND NASTY.

Lemonade—Bad Liquors and Worse Cigars—Ice—No Elephant's Ears or Dynamite Cartridges for Sale—Peripatetic Variety Stores—Fleas—Flowers—The L's—Moral Improvers—That Owl—Mice—Peanuts—Nahsty and Nice.

“Here ye air, ice cool lemonade, centaglass; cheap and nasty,” cried a facetious vendor of the liquid commodity, offering his wares on one of Gotham's crowded thoroughfares

On a previous occasion, when coming from Coney Island, I saw a sign inscribed, "Bad liquors and worse cigars," and while waiting for a car to take me back to Gotham I "sampled" both articles. Their excellent quality belied the seller's allegations.

Therefore I could not but test the lemonade vendor's veracity. He stood by a little hybrid, a cross between a street-booth and a wagon, containing a clean tub, in which floated and sparkled a large block of ice,* and on the ice gracefully posed dainty slices of lemon, surrounded by square blocks of very white sugar and a luscious strawberry on the sugar. A large, clean cocoa-ladle the vendor employed to dip out the cold liquid to the thirsty multitude, who quaffed the draft from tiny fine glasses.

"Why do you decry your lemonade as nasty?" I asked, "for it is nice."

"Modesty's the spice of life," he answered, pushing back his glistening white cap and laughing; "the other fellows say theirs is nice and its nasty; I say mine's nasty, and its nice — catch on?"

Not all lemonade dealers are like the one I speak of. He was clean and his lemonade was good—at least it tasted of lemons and was cold. But the majority are by no means as inviting in appearance nor as satisfactory in their goods.

As swallows are the fore-runners of summer, so the lemonade-peddler's appearance in the streets of Gotham brings conviction that the heated term has set in. He usually is stocked with a quantity of citric acid, a sad, solitary lemon for appearance's sake, some sugar, or white earth that resembles sugar, plenty of water, a little ice and several tumblers in a greater or lesser degree of griminess, in accord with the manners and garments of the dealer. The degree

*Everything is iced in Gotham; it is a wonder that they do not stuff pillows with ice there.

of fastidiousness of the customers coincides with the preceding.

Lemonade, cheap always, and oftentimes nasty, is by no means the only odd article hawked about the streets of Gotham; in fact, I cannot think of anything, except elephants' ears and dynamite cartridges, not offered for sale by peripatetic peddlers. I will jot a haphazard list of some of the articles, good and bad, that I have been opportuned to purchase on the streets. There were all kinds of stationery, books, soap, blacking, peanuts, fruit, ice-cream, garters, lace, suspenders, canes, neckties, tooth-picks, spectacles, cats, dogs, white mice and rats, parrots, chamois-skins, cut and stamped paper to ornament shelves, monkeys, real and artificial; bears, aligators, tiger-cubs, mechanical toys of all kinds, balloons, musical instruments, newspapers, tape-measures, whips, good imitations of imported cloth, that the vendors claimed were smuggled, etc., etc.; especially the latter, suggesting the "verse" of—

Big fleas have little fleas;
Still smaller ones do bite 'em,
And these fleas have smaller ones,
So on *ad infinitum*.

(To make this rhyme, the Latin must be pronounced in the horrible insular fashion.)

The classes of goods sold on the streets vary with the seasons, but at all times they seem to flourish. Spring comes on, and with it the flower vendors, of all ages, colors and both sexes—I do not say of all sexes, for the Gothamites, though their language admits of no neuter, claim three sexes, males, females and clergymen.—I have never seen clergymen peddling flowers; but this absurd combination recalls the "Flower Mission," which has for its purpose the distribution of flowers to the sick in hospitals—a pretty idea, and one worthy of imitation.

The flower-dealers, outside of the regular florists' stores, are ubiquitous. They stand at ferry-entrances, on the steps that lead to the L's (Gotham's rapid life does

not allow time to say "Elevated Railroad stations"), like pirates in the burlesque operas; they board street-cars with their pretty weapons, invade theaters, restaurants, everywhere and anywhere. I told one of these flower dealers to carry some pretty Jacqueminot roses, he was offering to my house.

"Kain't be did, boss," he answered, when I gave him my address.

"Why not?" I asked.

"'Cause it ain't on my beat."

These dealers do not invade each other's districts, and make it a peculiar point of honor not to compete with each other. I had to do without those particularly nice "Jacks," or carry them myself.

Poetic thoughts ran through my mind of the refining, ennobling influence that flowers exercise upon those young ragamuffins, and of course I sought the source whence all those gayly-colored, sweet-scented, moral improvers are derived. Investigation in Gotham kills poetry, even that which hedges about flowers.

The facts are simply these: Very prosaic florists give certain quantities to the street vendors, obliging them to return a specific quantity of money for them; consequently we buy in small quantities, at advanced prices, the flowers that are raised wholesale for the trade.

Still, they leave room for speculation and mental query. What becomes of the flowers after they are sold? A belated husband in winter propitiates his wife with a paste-board box containing fried oysters; in spring and summer a bouquet of flowers is the means. The effect is the same in both instances; curtain lectures are quenched in their birth and a headache supervenes in the morning.

Hearts may be won and lost by bunches of flowers; won for the noblest and most ignoble ends; but, pretty as the flowers may be, the one who gives them makes the gift desirable or otherwise.

Dogs, canary-birds and parrots are sold by the most disreputable looking class of street vendors. I imagine that these vendors keep their merchandise well plied with morphine, because how else would the victims bear the amount of handling and furbishing to which they submit? The little dogs and big dogs are combed, brushed, squeezed and manipulated as if no "society for the prevention of cruelty to animals" existed; the birds stand dismally on the outside of their cages, and seem to plead to be bought, and the parrots mope wisely, like many-colored owls.

The mention of owls recalls a naughty little story I heard in Gotham; it will bear repetition in a modified form:

Two young fellows were "on a racket," or "painting the town red," as "going on a spree" is called — if the explanation be accepted as less slangy than the other phrases. Between them they had a dollar and ten cents. With the dollar they bought an owl from a street vendor, and then entered a beer saloon to spend the rest of their fortune.

"*Swei beah!*" called the one who carried the owl, as grandiloquently as if his reserve capital would suffice to purchase several hundred saloons.

"Only two?" said the owl. "Where am I?"

"You don't want beer, do you?" asked the new master.

"Of course I do," responded the owl, emphatically.

"I'll give you some of mine, if you'll only keep still," pleaded the young scamp.

"All right," responded the owl, looking grave — if an owl ever looks otherwise.

It is hardly necessary to explain that the young fellow was a ventriloquist.

By a skillful twist of his arm he poked the owl's beak into the foaming glass, and all this comedietta was enacted for the benefit of a countryman, who

evidently was "taking in the town," as people who come to Gotham have a way of doing.

"Say, Mister," said the hay-seed gatherer, "I'll give yer four shillin' for that bird."

"Four shillings!" exclaimed our friend, as if he were mortally offended. "Four shillings — fifty cents for a talking owl — I wouldn't sell him for four hundred dollars."

However, he agreed to part with his pet for fifty dollars, after much haggling.

"I say, my bucolic wanderer," he added as a parting injunction, "if the beast wont speak, just blow in his ear."

The countryman carried the owl home, and introduced it "with much pomp and circumstance" to the good wife, with minute instructions how to make the bird speak. Then he left home to look after some cows that his wife told him had strayed.

He had hardly left when the parson, who had slipped into a closet on his entrance, came out, and the farmer's wife and her friend at once proceeded to develop the owl's loquacity. The result was that the owl grasped the woman's lips with his claw and the parson's nose with his beak, and despite their screams refused to release either.

The farmer returned, and, seeing the state of affairs, sang out in joy: "I'd have given a thousand dollars for the owl, had I known that he could find out in a minute what I've wanted to know these ten years."

The story was not told me exactly this way; but it will do as it is.

Speaking birds recall the curious query, Why does a parrot that is well versed in profanity bring a higher price in Gotham than a psalm-singing-son-of-a-parrot? For the reason, I presume, that a person who will not take the name of his Maker in vain points to the Bible before him, referring to all the "swear-words" it con-

tains—as a sort of lightning conductor for pent-up anger.

It is said that a certain prominent Gothamite, whose name I will not repeat here, was asked anent the sinfulness of profanity. He said that he sometimes grew so irate that he would have to either say “damn,” or burst, and that he preferred the former.

I think that quite an interesting book could be made on Gotham’s street vendors, whose wares are almost always cheap, but not invariably nasty, by merely cutting from the newspapers extracts like the following :

“The human eye is a delicate organ and tolerably complex in its mechanism; yet, for all of that, the average man and occasional woman appear to find pleasurable recreation in straining, tantalizing and exasperating its delicate tissues. Eye-glasses are sold “by the cord,” so to speak. Few shops are without a tray of eye-glasses and spectacles; every chief street has its peripatetic vendor. Blue glass, gray glass, smoked glass, plain glass, and glass of different thicknesses can be had for a mere song, and are bought cheap and used until blindness supervenes.

“Peanuts are a choice article of popular diet. There are peanuts and peanuts. Some are roasted, some are raw, but all are bought and sold. The average peanut manipulator hails from sunny Italy. Precisely why this is so, who can tell? A hasty glance at the vendors, whose oil-lamp smoke obscures the heavens on Printing House Square and elsewhere, will show even the most careless observer that Italy is the land of the peanutian distributor. The outfit consists of a cart, an oven, a bushel of peanuts, and patience. These combined make the commonest Florentine wealthy and often swell the accumulations of the humblest Venetian beyond the dream of avarice.

“Between roasted peanuts and mechanical mice there would seem to be no room for normal rivalry; but the fact is that wherever peanuts are displayed mechanical

mice insist upon running. Countrymen purchase both articles in large quantities. The peanuts they crack while the mice are on exhibition, and between the fragrant appetizing of the one and the cranky fascinations of the other they attract the rural eye and deplete the suburban wallet.

"Peddlers, like poets, to no age belong. We find them here, there, everywhere, and of them all the street variety is the most independent. From tin whistles to flowers, from miniature bicycles to cravats, from parti-colored fans to Chinese toys, from lemonade to gaiters, from newspapers to shoe-strings, from hair-pins to envelopes, from gum arabic to patent blacking, from Stickwell's glue to checkers, and from lead pencils to imitation lace, there is nothing of domestic use found in bazaars and warehouses that street peddlers do not offer at reduced rates and in quantities that suit purchasers, upon the sidewalk."

In looking over this chapter I cannot but apprehend that if a translator ever assails this book he will have to render the heading "cheap and nasty," and will expose me to cavil for the use of the last word.

In Gotham the word *nasty* implies filthy, instead of merely "not delicate," while in England the word is held in its simple significance.

A young lady used the word "nice" in the presence of Mr. Terry—no, Irving—the alleged English actor, who told her it was "*nahsty* to say nice."

She quickly responded: "Is it nice to say *nahsty*?"

Good reader, or bad one, for that matter, if you understand English, you will appreciate the fun in this, and as a guaranty of its humor I may say that it never appeared in the London *Punch*. I know that this statement will be apples and nuts to the Gotham humorous papers.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LITTLE IMPOSITIONS.

The Joys of "The Ave."—Private Efficiency and Official Imbecility—The Gothamite's Amazing Meekness—"The Finest"—Garbage Carts—The Grandest Avenue a Whirlwind of Dust—How the Aerial Transit Company Accommodates the Public—Safe-Moving—"Skids"—The Briton and His Rights—How Mr. Blank Obtained a Seat at the Company's Expense.

EVERY ONE has heard of the young Englishman, who, "making the grand tour" in the stately fashion in vogue fifty years ago, arrived at Vienna, intending to pass a month there, and who died there some fifty years later without ever having passed beyond its enchanted limits.

Gotham may not hope to vie with that most seductive of capitals, but that it possesses a fascination of its own will not be questioned even by the foreigner who has enjoyed its measureless hospitality. As for the native, he would regard a residence in any other part of the Union much as a courtier of Augustus would look upon a banishment to Scythia; and even amid the glitter of Paris or the imperial splendor of London, his heart turns fondly to the joys of "the avenue" or the excitement of "the street."

And yet, I doubt whether in any city in the civilized world the line between private efficiency and official imbecility is more sharply drawn, or the contrast between the luxury of the house and the discomfort—to put it mildly—of the thoroughfares is more striking. Indeed, the Gothamite puts up with a number and variety of great and little discomforts and impositions that are, in the aggregate, simply amazing. I am satisfied that it is only because they are so numer-

ous, that they are at all supportable. As the atmosphere presses equally in all directions on the human frame, so do these so-called minor evils of life weigh upon him with an equilibrium of discomfort that prevents him from singling out any particular one as worse than any other. Let us follow him through a portion of one day on his way to his office: See him as he comes down the stoop—fresh-colored and clean-shaven, faultless as to gloves and immaculate as to linen—trim and well set up, from the crown of his glossy hat to the sole of his polished boot—and with just enough left of his matutinal cigar to last him to the station of the “Alleviated” Railway. Before he has gone half a block he meets a platoon of “the finest” on their way to their stations on Broadway—marching, or rather sauntering, four abreast, and negligently swinging their clubs; they look as if they owned the earth—as possibly, in their hearts, they think they do, or ought to. Of course, there is no excuse or reason for their thus taking up the whole of the sidewalk; but does the Gothamite dream of objecting, or asserting his right to the place? By no means; meekness is one of his greatest virtues, and he could give the late lamented Moses seventy-five points up, and double discount him at that; so he stops quietly behind a friendly stoop, and waits for his hired servants to pass by at their pleasure. A little further on, an uncovered garbage-cart is drawn up alongside of the curb, and a man is emptying a barrel full of ashes into it; of course the wind blows from behind gargage-carts towards passers. A large quantity of these ashes fly into his face, and cover him from head to foot with soot and cinder. The idiotic absurdity of this proceeding can hardly be done justice to by mere words. Why these carts should thus make their rounds during business hours, instead of at night, or early in the morning, it seems impossible to imagine; but the

Gothamite is too accustomed to this experience even to swear over it. Through his half-blinded eyes he sees dimly on the side of the cart the mystic letters D. S. C., and recognizes the existence of a branch of the civil government which he supports at an expense of something over \$1,000,000 a year, for the nominal purpose of cleaning the streets.

Crossing what should be the finest avenue in America, he is involved in a whirlwind of dust and sand; what is the matter? Oh, nothing—nothing special; that is, only that the subterranean company some weeks ago tore up the pavement to lay their pipes for supplying everybody with everything. The law required them to replace the paving-stones, this they did; also to sprinkle sand over them, to fill up the interstices; it is painfully evident that they have complied with this provision, also; likewise to sweep up and remove the superfluous sand and dirt; but, instead of doing this, they managed to get into a technical squabble with the Department of Public Works; each side consulted the lawyers, and by the time the latter have come to a decision as to where the responsibility is, the dust will have been blown down the throats and into the parlors of Gotham, and the company saves the money it would have cost to remove it.

Reaching the avenue, which he must cross, in order to get to his station, he becomes dimly aware of the approach of a train in the opposite direction; occupied as he is with plans for the day's business, he yet instinctively halts—he is too wise in his generation to pass under it; it is not that he fears to be decapitated by the fall of a chance coupling, or crushed beneath a casual timber; he knows, in a general way, that he must die some day, and has probably already charged up that item to profit and loss in his mental ledger; but meantime he objects to having a live coal from the engine dropped down his back, or his clothes soiled by drippings of grease from the wheels, or cataracts of

tobacco juice from the untamed brakeman. Toiling up the long and steep flight of steps, he gains the platform of his station, and presently enters his train. Does he expect to find a comfortable seat? Well, there is still some faith left in human nature — possibly, there were people, even in Gotham, who actually believed in the glowing vision conjured up by the promoters of the Aerial Transit Company, who, in the guise of public benefactors and suppliers of a long-felt want, succeeded in getting franchises of enormous value, and in virtually confiscating certain streets and rendering adjacent property valueless, without paying a cent of compensation to the city or the unlucky real estate owners. But the big dividends on the enormously watered stock of this concern requires the road to be run at a minimum of expense, and a maximum of discomfort to the public — both of which requisites the Direction has combined in the, for itself, happiest manner imaginable. So the passenger stands up and holds on to the strap, as he used to do in the surface cars — constantly admonished by the yelling brakeman to move up a little — “plenty of room in the forward part of the car.” But as this process is repeated from each end of the car, there gets to be something not unlike a crowd, in the middle of which he simmers, with more or less impatience, until his destination is reached. Gaining the start he is presently brought to a standstill; a large truck is ranged up along the sidewalk, and men are engaged in hoisting a safe into the upper story of a building. The rope crosses the sidewalk, about two feet above it, leading to a windlass on the truck; the safe has reached the second story, in its journey, and swings menacingly above the heads of the passers. Here the same line of unconscious argument which led him to avoid passing under the train, causes him to cross the street, dodging the various vans and carts in so doing. Well, he has almost got to his journey’s end — but one more trial is in store

for him. Turning down the crooked old street where his office is, his way is barred by an obstruction which is, I believe, peculiar to Gotham. Opposite to a large grocery a wagon has stopped, and from it and right across the sidewalk ten-foot long beams, or pieces of timber, technically called "skids," are laid, along which men are rolling barrels of sugar. This is, of course, a very convenient thing for the drayman or grocer, but it seems like nothing less than an outrage on the passer-by, who has his choice of risking life or limb in climbing over the skids, or, if more prudent, of madly plunging into the mud and filth of the street, in going round the obstruction.

Our friend has lost much of his dainty appearance in consequence of all he has passed through; his hat is ruffled, his coat dusty, his gloves soiled, his boots mud-died—he rings for his porter to brush his coat, and sends for the bootblack—and, very likely, also soothes himself with a cocktail before entering upon the serious work of the day.

That this sketch is not only not overdrawn, but falls far short of the reality, will, I am confident, be emphatically, and perhaps profanely, admitted by every Gothamite who is not in politics—or a Director of Aerial Transit. It may be said that these things are trifles. So they are; but existence is made up of trifles. A few crumbs will make the most luxurious bed uncomfortable, and a five-cent piece held close to the eye will shut out the view of the Atlantic Ocean. Life and property are tolerably secure in Gotham—but so they are in Petersburg. These little things, so called, are what make life supportable, or the reverse.

It is not for me, of course, to criticise; but I cannot help regretting such a state of things, which seems to me to be as unnecessary as it is greivous. Doubtless the fault lies to a great extent in that system of local politics to which I have alluded in a former chapter—still, I think the individual Gothamite is largely to

blame, also; good nature is all very well in its way, but it may, I venture to suggest, be carried too far. I think, it might be better if the American had a little more of the sturdy self-assertion of his English cousin, and was more firm in insisting on his rights, and getting what he paid for. It seems to be considered bad form to complain or to resist imposition, and I have noticed that public opinion appears rather to frown upon the man who publicly asserts his rights. This seems to me a false shame and a morbid shirking of independent action. It may seem absurd to spend a thousand pounds in money and five years in time in fighting a railway company for an overcharge of two pence half-penny, as a recent English report informs us was done by a sturdy Briton, who won his suit in the end. But I think that even this is more commendable than a spiritless acquiescence in the violation of undoubted rights. There is a little independence, however, even in the Gothamite, and the officials of a great railway have probably not yet forgotten their experience with a friend of mine. Boarding the train just before it started, he found every seat taken, and people standing in the smoking car; seeking out the conductor, he compelled that worthy, much against his will, to go through the train with him, in the, as it proved, ineffectual search for a place, for reasons which will presently appear. Then, taking his place in the center of a car, he uplifted his voice as follows: "Will any gentleman sell me his seat?" Men looked up from their papers, smiled — and went on reading.

"I am not joking," pursued my friend, producing a well-filled pocket-book; "my ticket entitles me to a seat, which I have not been able to find, and which the conductor neglects or refuses to secure for me. I do not intend to stand up all the way to Blankville, if money will buy me a seat. And I propose to make the Company repay me what I have to spend to get one. I will pay five dollars for any seat in this car."

They laid down their papers then, and pricked up their ears. Things were beginning to get interesting; but no one responded.

"Ten dollars," went on my friend, in dispassionate accents. There was a little stir now; but still "holders were firm" in the belief in "higher prices," as the market reports put it.

"Fifteen dollars."

This brought out three or four offers. Selecting the nearest, "Now, gentlemen," he said, "I may have to sue the Company in this matter. I will therefore ask that if there are any residents of Blankville here, they will favor me with their cards, and oblige me by appearing as witnesses if needful."

Half a dozen men stepped forward with cards in their hands, and assured my friend of their willingness to testify for him if necessary.

Arriving at Blankville, he sat down and wrote a note to the superintendent, stating the case, and requesting repayment. The next day he received a curt official expression of regret and notice that if he would call at the office the money would be refunded. This he declined to do, in a note perhaps even more curt than the superintendent's communication — saying that, as he was the Company's creditor, it was for them to seek him out, not for him to dance attendance upon them; and intimating that unless he received a check within twenty-four hours, he should feel obliged to put the matter in the hands of his lawyer. This brought the money before the prescribed time had expired. It is true that my friend was a well-known citizen, and also a millionaire. Possibly this may have had something to do in influencing such a prompt settlement. It is not every one who has the time or the money to fight such a gigantic corporation as the Transcontinental Railway; still, I am sure that if this spirit was more prevalent, the Gothamite would get more enjoyment out of life, and the community would be happier.

CHAPTER XIX.

GOTHAM IN 1986.

Cleanliness Everywhere—Home that is Home—Bankruptcy in Business Only—Telephone to Honduras—His True Wealth His Wife and Children—Naughty Grandmother—What Happiness the Century Holds—The Millenium—The Ages of the Nineteenth Century—van der Blinken Redivions—History's Tricks—Amusements—Public Servants Grown Affable—450th Street—Facilities—"Hell on Fits"—Gemütlichkeit—The Great American Theater—"Thim Gundohlers"—Labor and Capital—The End of Slavery—No More Nonsense.

MY regard for Gotham, my faith in the Gothamites, and what judgment I may possess, entitle me to draw a pen-picture of Gotham in 1986.

It is the type of a clean city. History speaks of the old landmarks of filth and iniquity, but they exist no more. A healthy, moral atmosphere surrounds the greatest commercial sea-board city in the world.

But the guide-books tell us all about the edifices, the parks, the public institutions; let us look into the inner life of Gotham in this year of our Lord 1986.

The business man, by conveyances, the mention of which in 1886 would have been deemed the vagaries of a diseased mind, flies to a home, which is a home. He is tired, worn, not by insatiable love of the dollar; not filled with dread because he cannot satisfy his wife's demands for cash—oh, no—those things occurred in the benighted nineteenth century, when men and women did not understand each other. Fortunately for John Gotham, this is the enlightened twentieth century. Let us follow him.

"Oh, John, dear, home so early?" says his wife.

"Yes, Vangie," responds John, endeavoring to smile.

"What of Bangkok Central?" she asks, noticing his depressed look.

"Down to two five-eighths," he answers, moodily.

"And Sumatra Pipe Line?"

"Down to three and a half."

"Why, is the depression so general?" asks the wife, who knows as much of her husband's business as he does, and who advises him whenever he needs the counsel of a friend who is another self to him.

"No; not quite so general——"

"Oh, then, something has gone up," she says, eagerly.

"But——" he hesitates, "that confounded Rosario——"

"Why——has that gone up?" she said, sadly.

"Yes, dear; just as it has for the last century. This morning, before I went to the Board, I telephoned Recachimba about prospects for rain in Honduras. He answered, 'Very bad.' So, when the call opened, I offered and sold at once a thousand Rosario at 592. Half an hour later, the Rosario people announce that they struck another bonanza, and the stock bounces up to 618."

They are silent for a moment. Then she hesitatingly asks: "Can we weather it?"

"We can save the name by impoverishing ourselves."

"Thank God!" she almost shouts, gleefully.

"What——Vangie?" asks her husband; "remember that I will be a poor man."

"A *poor* man; how funny," she laughs. A *poor* man, with your intelligence, your industry, your honor! John, you a poor man!—do you feel poor when you think what a wealth I and our children are to you?"

Seated on his lap, her arms about his neck, she infuses new courage, hope and manhood into him, and then he recounts to her some ancient history that tells how his great grandfather—that was just one hundred years ago, in 1886—lost everything, and how his great grand-

mother spurned the poor man from her with contumely; how she sought and obtained a divorce by his consent, of which the court was not cognizant, of course, and how he disappeared afterwards, never to be heard from again.

"If my great grandmother had been such a wife as you are, darling," he continues, "my poor, great-grandfather would have ended differently, providing the reports of him are correct."

"Ah, yes, dear," she responds, "but you know that in those days society in Gotham was differently constituted. Girls were not raised properly; they were not taught to believe that a woman's happiness lay in being her husband's partner in everything; the sharer of his sorrows as well as of his joys. The women did not know what they wanted; and if they knew, it was that vague "something else."

"How fortunate I am ——" he begins.

"Yes, dear; but think how fortunate *I* am; for with such an indulgent husband as you are, if I had not been properly raised, I might have been like my great-grandmother, poor thing! She married against her family's wishes. Ma's grandfather was a very handsome, intelligent, but very nervous man. Her grandmother worried her and his life into uninterrupted misery by alternately scolding him for no reason, and bemoaning her fate. At times she would lie in bed and groan and moan and weep, and when asked what was the matter, she would answer that she did not know what to do. Her husband provided more for her than she was accustomed to have, or know what to do with; and he indulged her in everything, except one — she wanted him to kill himself, which he would not do. She loved him, next to herself, as such a useless article of furniture could, and perhaps would never have married again after his death, but she wanted a sensation — excitement — and nothing would satisfy the craving except her husband's death in some violent, horrible manner

by his own hand. She was not satisfied and lost what little mind she had in consequence."

I may interrupt the recital here for a moment to remark that I set the millenium in the twentieth century—how otherwise would man and wife discuss the relative demerits of their ancestors?

Yes, it is the millenium; for when his wife's sisters hear of the misfortune, instead of emptying vessels of wrath, illimitable quantities of bitterness, compared to which gall and wormwood are toothsome morsels, upon him, they freely discuss "brother John's" affairs, express their good wishes for him and strengthen his wife, their sister, in what all agree is her duty—to make his losses appear light, and encourage him to renewed vigor, to imbue him with spirit wherewith to face his losses, and to drown his sorrows and reverses in what is and ever should be the acme of intoxicating bliss—his wife's kiss! For him there is no happiness away from home, he takes no amusements unless shared by his gods—his wife and children.

Ancient history, or what the intelligence of the twentieth century has relegated to a forgotten past, has a tradition that until some time about the middle of the nineteenth century there existed the legend of an ogre called "Mother-in-law." This fiend persecuted and abused the miserable wretch whose badness cropped out all over him, as soon as he had rid her of a badly-raised daughter. The large number of divorce suits, suicides, and the misery she wrought recoiled upon her, and later on, after the middle of the nineteenth century, the ogre mother-in-law became a different creature, a somewhat negative character, who, however, took excellent care not to interfere between husband and wife. Still later she became a positive blessing; a sweet, lovely, intelligent friend and adviser.

Later yet, the sister-in-law arose in Gotham. She thought it her duty to convince her married sister that

the entire family was humiliated and disgraced by the new connection; that only the greatest possible wealth — aye, impossible wealth — could but slightly ameliorate the injury that man had done by marrying into so good a family, and that the poor sister wanted oceans of sympathy for the stupidity that caused her to be faithful to a man who was so brutal as not to die and leave her independent.

Now, in the enlightened twentieth century, when a Gothamite makes his wife a present upon her birthday, or when another child comes to bind them still more closely together and strengthen their love, they say: "Oh, Vangie, how beautiful! I wonder if when I marry I will have such a good husband as John is. Really, dear, you must show him how much such a man is appreciated by a good wife. Seek to merit his love and to advance his interests, for he deserves it."

In the benighted nineteenth century they would hardly have glanced at the jewel; and if remarking it at all, would say: "Poor Vangie! to be compelled to wear such an unfashionable bauble. Sadie Doll-rymple's husband showered valuable and tasteful presents upon her, and, moreover, did not trouble her by his presence once a month; and further yet, he was a van der Blinken, consequently she did not disgrace her family by marrying him. Furthermore, he was a real gentleman, for when misfortune and losses came upon him, and when she quite naturally grew tired of him, he had the delicacy to blow out his brains; giving Sadie a chance while she was still young and attractive to make another matrimonial venture; van der Blinken was a gentleman!"

But this all is ancient history; we are in Gotham of to-day — in the glorious twentieth century. And perhaps, after all, those tales of the nineteenth century are perpetuations of isolated, very bad cases, the majority not having been so severe at all. We know that history has a trick of reducing or magnifying facts

in accordance with the state of the historian's digestion at the time he wrote.

John Gotham's wife makes him positively happy in his misfortunes, and he is delighted that he was born in the twentieth century. Before dinner-time they have resolved how they will live, now that they must reduce expenses, and find immeasurable compensation in their increased love for each other.

Let us follow them into the street a few afternoons later, and see how the Gothamites of all classes amuse themselves.

In the nineteenth century it would have been in horribly bad form for a family to go out together — but now the enlightenment of the age throws doubts upon people who could enjoy anything unaccompanied by the loved ones.

A goodly, jolly crowd they are. John's parents, his wife and children, her parents and sisters, and all of their admirers, some of them future husbands, take carriages to the nearest station of the elevated railroad. Carriages are so cheap, but ten cents a mile, that everybody can use them. They enter a train, after paying but three cents for each person's fare, and instead of being snarled at by the employes of the road, receive courteous answers to their polite questions.

The "guards" (this appellation sticks to them as a remnant of Anglomania, which was rampant in Gotham in the nineteenth century) calls the stations clearly and distinctly. In past ages he used to yell, as he tore open the door: "Stribbergabbergallioth! skip out there for squabberquatchelam, this train forrem!"

Now he says: "Four-hundred-and-forty-second Street. Change at next station for Four-hundred-and-fifty-ninth. This train for Bridgeport and points beyond."

If an abstracted passenger has not understood him, or asks for more explicit information, he does not say,

as did his predecessor of the nineteenth century: "Oh, cawm orf; cawm orf—take de flies outer yer ears. Drink blue mud. Give us a rest. Go to Helen Blazes." All this, in that savage age, was said in a manner that would dazzle the passenger and impress him thoroughly with the importance of the insolent wearer of the Company's livery.

Now, since it has been found wise to make the Government the owner of all public conveniences and conveyances, the employes understand that they are the public's *servants*, and that their tenure of office and advancement in the service is dependent purely upon good behavior.

But the services are really only a matter of courtesy in the above regard; for see that large, automatically-changing sign, in plain sight of all passengers.

The next station at which this car will stop is 450th Street.	Der nächste Anhaltspunkt dieses Waggons ist an der 450ten Strasse.	La siguiente estación donde para este tren esta en la calle 450.
Nearest station for Blissville by car, 5c.	Nächste Station zu Blissville, per Pferdebahn, 5c.	Dicha estación es la mas proxima á Blissville, por tranvia, 5c.
Gotham Museum, free, daily.	Gotham Museum, freier Eintritt.	Museo Gotham, entrada libre.
American Theater, free on Sundays; other days 10, 15 and 25 cents.	American Theater, Sonntags frei, Wochentage 10, 15 u. 25 cents.	Teatro Americano, entrada libre los Domingos, los otros días 10, 15 y 25c.
Performance to-day: GEORGE WASHINGTON, A classical drama in five acts, by An American Author.	Aufführung heute: GEO. WASHINGTON, Schauspiel in 5 aufzügen, von Einen Amerikanischen Schriftsteller.	La función de hoy es el gran drama en 5 actos: GEORGE WASHINGTON, por Un Autor Americano.
This Theater employs only the best American talent.	Dieses Theater verwendet bloß das beste Amerikanischen talent.	Este Teatro emplea solo el mejor talento Americano.

These signs, that change at each station, give complete directions in a dozen languages, and contain just enough matter to be comfortably read in the half minutes that intervene between stations.

I have not the space to detail all of the conveniences that are supplied the traveling public at great benefit to it and at small expense. Suffice it to say that a certain class of facilities, necessarily unmentionable in polite literature, but which abound in Europe, and were utterly unknown in Gotham in the nineteenth century, are everywhere accessible for the payment of one cent. That modesty and good taste that characterizes Gotham in this the twentieth century covers and conceals these little edifices by a front, in the window of which flowers and other trifles are exposed for sale, and delicacy can be subserved by every one who pays his or her cent, also purchasing a flower to display on leaving the establishment. It may be vulgar to quote the following, but its advice is worth remembering:

"When nature calls, as well it may,
It will not do to bluff her;
So haste away, at night or day,
Or else you're sure to suffer."

Is it not remarkable that a traveler who copied this doggerel in Gotham in the nineteenth century noted that the Gothamites must needs suffer for the lack of "facilities"? The same observer, such as he was, his name was Heinrich Oscar von Karlstein, and he wrote a book called "Gotham and the Gothamites," also noted a great difference in regard to the relative modesty of the Gothamites and their immediate progenitors, the English, in what he considered a very funny comparison. In it he mentions the fact that the Gothamite of 1886 or thereabouts would not brook the thought even of physiological needs, while a work by an English author, Charles Reed, entitled, "The White Elephant," bore the advertisement of a patent hygienic earth-closet on its back page, probably to reduce the expense of publication. If I were writing during the lifetime of said Karlstein, I would have to wreck my brain to communicate the idea, without suggesting the word.

The "facilities" which I describe are provided with

all that health, comfort and good taste can possibly demand, and the walls thereof are not besmirched by vile sketches, filthy doggerel or indecent advertisements. Public morality in Gotham has risen so high that even the quack's occupation is gone.

Speaking of quacks, reminds me of a little tale about an itinerant nostrum-vendor, who tramped the villages near Gotham in the nineteenth century. He went from house to house, and yelled into each open window:

"Got any heart disease, consumption, liver complaint, corns, ingrowin' nails, blotches, spotsches or motches on the skin ——"

"No."

"Got any sore eyes, roometiz, high-strikes ——"

"No."

"Got any fits ——"

"No."

"I'm hell on fits!"

And then he passed on with the expression of one who has done his duty by offering his valuable services, and to whom no blame could attach if all the world were to die, because his prodigious skill was not employed.

But we left John Gotham and his family on the elevated railway, on their way to a dinner of the most *gemuthlich* character. If this book is ever to be translated, I shall inflict the worst possible punishment upon the translator if he does anything but copy the word *gemutlich* just as I have written it. In the nineteenth century it was not known in lands where English was spoken, and now it is incorporated, with all its glorious meaning, into all languages — except French.

John and his family are let down from the elevated station by a "hoist" that is driven by electricity, as is the road; then they saunter through a tree-bordered street to the Great American Theater. To describe this edifice would require a poet's pen and an artist's

pencil. It is simply grand. Ten thousand people can sit and see and hear plainly in all parts of the theater, and take an excellent dinner at a very low rate, meanwhile, The performance begins at five and ends at nine; for, by ten, everybody with good sense expects to be in bed. Up to the end of the nineteenth century people in Gotham were foolish enough to adhere to the stupid European custom of converting night into day; but, thanks to the spirit of common sense, that absurdity has stopped.

A number of manners and customs have grown since the era of common sense began in Gotham.

When people had coats-of-arms manufactured for themselves; when Gothamites boasted that they were more familiar with Europe than the grand resources of their own great country; when they aped European customs and manners; when they tried to forget that they were descendants of those valiant people whose courage, strength and morality caused them to build the greatest coast city in the world on a wretched barren rock; when, then, the wise men of Gotham saw that those emasculated simpletons were endangering the virility of the Republic, they came together and fed the fish in the Hudson with the bodies of those upon whom an ounce of gunpowder would have been wasted. The sensible people remained and increased, and the result is the admirable manner in which the Gothamites of this twentieth century live.

What kind of people governed Gotham in the nineteenth century is well shown by the following, which history has preserved, perhaps, as a means of comparative study:

"F'rrty gundohlers!" said the Milesian member of the Aldermanic Park Commission; "f'rrty gundohlers! F'what de yez want to be afther buyin' that many fur? Buy two av thim, a mayil an' a faimayil, an' thin let naytcher taik her coorse."

John and his family — yes, his family, as his wife's relatives even call themselves — enter the theater.

"Where shall we sit, Vangie?" he asks his wife.

"There," she says, "at that large table — where Thompson and Milly are."

Thompson is John's clerk, and Mrs. Milly Thompson was a schoolmate of John's wife. True, their fortunes are different; but in the present state of Gotham society, mere money makes no difference in social rank. It was different in the nineteenth century!

It is enough to say that John, with his friends, spends a most *gemutlich* evening; how difficult it would have been to make a nineteenth century Gothamite understand the meaning of this phrase. Difficult? It would have been impossible.

Bloodthirsty wretches, whose laziness made them advocates of communism, anarchy and kindred insanity, now go to Gotham no more. Their principal victims, the workingmen, will not listen to them any longer, but stand upon their dignity as men.

In times past much misery was wrought by the laboring classes by a misinterpretation of the terms, equality and liberty. Now these people understand their *superiority* over the drones.

To-day the workingman would scorn to wear the cast-off garments of the millionaire; his ambition is to show that he is a model, honest, sober, cleanly laborer. On Sunday he wears no absurd tile or badly-fitting coat, the long tails of which are intended to deceive him, and nobody else, that he is a lazy, good-for-nothing lout. No, he wears a distinctive dress; his blouse and cap are finer on Sundays than his rough working habiliments, and he walks arm-in-arm with his employer, whose broadcloth is only the more respected because he has learned that beneath rough garments can beat as noble a heart as beneath silk and fine linen. And a laborer's cap can cover as much and as good brains as can the finest tile.

Labor and capital no longer oppose each other; slaves have ceased to exist!

This remarkable equalization is due mainly to the systems that have supplanted those of the sad past.

Since 1900 employers are not allowed to pay workers for more than eight hours labor each day; and, of course, the workingmen will labor only for the hours that are considered in their compensation. The time not required for rest and food are devoted to improvement of the intellect. Nicely-kept reading-rooms, in which the rich and poor sit side by side; well-conducted theaters and museums, open every day in the week, Sundays included, offer healthy amusement, combined with instruction, while for those who wish direct and specific information upon any subject, the great system of free lectures, instituted by that grand old man, Peter Cooper, are patronized by all. Indeed, they are still called Peter Cooper lectures, in memory of his sensible philanthropy.

That vile corrupter of the past, the boarding-house, with its companion, the sky-scraping flat, has made way, since rapid transit became really rapid, to myriads of elegant little houses, each one built and furnished delightfully as far as taste and comfort are concerned. The workingman has a home, and the young married couple do not unite their fates before they can count upon their own roof to cover them.

The insane race after inordinate wealth has made place for honest, steady industry and increased intelligent enterprise. What else could result but what I have faintly outlined?

* * * * *

Reader, do you like my picture of Gotham of 1986? Look back to 1886, and wonder with me how a people who had all that marvelous strength of intellect could have so many weak foibles and still live!

Yet they lived and recovered from the many cancers that gnawed at their vitals; to-day, in 1986, in conse-

quence of that recovery, there is no more corruption in politics, the *nouveaux riches* are not vulgar, and the poorer classes have none of that false independence that many of them delighted in to the detriment of the general social state, and especially that of themselves.

CHAPTER XX.

HODGE-PODGE.

Profanity—Hero-Worship—George Washington's Death-Certificate—Gotham's Dirty Streets—Bootblacks—Enamoring a Hen—Sumpy's Death—Mr. Jabocy's Reproof—Our Ignorance of Gotham—Safety of Life and Limb—The Bartholdi Statue—Election Bets—"Sweet Violets"—Oysters, Bicycles and Critics—Jews and Crime—No Slovens—Starch—Conscience The Writer Threatens the Reader with Another Book.

WE Germans, as a nation, receive the credit, that I hope I do not offend modesty by asserting is due us, of being very methodical, careful classifiers and laborious plodders. For the sake of vanity, and in obedience to my innate laziness—I should like to say lack of space—I shall here jot odd thoughts that I knew not where else to place.

A subject that has always interested me in Gotham was the profanity used there. It is by no means elegant; it does not embellish language; but it is, oh! so forcible.

First and foremost stands the good old word *damn*. By itself it amounts to little; but it lends a zest that nothing else can convey. It is usually associated with the Deity; and this is not so very wicked, for, as God is Love, His condemnation must be tempered by love. This shows the Gothamite's benign disposition, for none of them would think of saying: "The Devil damn your soul!" That would be really a severe malediction, for if the Devil is as black as he is depicted, his bane must be uncompromisingly and irretrievably bad. Yet the phrase would sound absurd, and neither hurt nor offend because of its very absurdity.

The word damn, despite its vigor, is not used in the presence of ears polite, nor are any of our ordinary ejaculations, such as God! Jesus! The Devil! etc. The epithet "liar" cannot be applied to a Gothamite even in jest, for the offense would almost call for blood. We may in fun call anyone a thief, or a rascal, but never a liar. This speaks well for the dignity of the Gothamites, who will allow doubts to be thrown upon their capacity to judge between *meum* and *teum*, but never upon their veracity.

The most profound and unpardonable insult to a Gothamite is conveyed in the assertion that his immediate female progenitor is of the canine race. This is the grandest of his many grand traits. It is the outcropping of his admiration for the female sex, which, when his mother is thought of, becomes adoration, most beautifully manifesting in this the almost idolatrous manner in which George Washington's mother is viewed. She is still discussed with religious reverence, much as the Virgin Mary is mentioned by many. What a glowing, grand tribute to the memory of America's first great man!

I should hate to pose as an iconoclast, but speaking of Washington I cannot refrain from repeating a naughty tale told me by a senator in Gotham. He said that he who is mentioned as "first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen," did not die of inflammation of the lungs, as history has it, but that he perished from a severe, ulcerated sore throat which he contracted by exposure on a cold, rainy night, waiting for a charmer with whom he had a not over-moral appointment. I hope that I may have a son, for as soon as this statement becomes public I expect that the house of Karlstein will be extinguished so far as I am concerned, for the Gothamites are patriotic—or I may have to shoot a few thousand of them for calling me a liar. Yet, even if this story is true, what has it to do with his life as a public man?

Nothing, as far as I can see. I will not compare the morality of rulers of other lands with that of the country of which Gotham is the key; no, I hope that I am too discreet.

But to return to profanity. A clergyman may, in the pulpit, say hell, damnation, prostitution, God, Jesus, and no Gothamite, even the most fastidious, is shocked. The Gothamite plain, that is without surplice or white necktie, must not say, think, or even read these words. Even the newspapers, be they ever so graphic in their reports, must not show these words in type. Dashes take their place. The following is a sample:

Judge—"Well, prisoner, what caused you to strike her?"

Prisoner—"She said I was a ———, while all my neighbors will testify that I am an honest, hard-working woman."

Judge—"What did you tell her?"

Prisoner—"I told her that all her children were ————, and that if she did not shut up ———— head I'd kick the ———— stuffing out of her, and I did it, ———— her soul to ———."

Will my good reader tell me what difference there is between these dashes and the words they do not spell, but so clearly represent?

That I do not rely upon memory or imagination to demonstrate my assertions, I will cut from the *Gotham World*, of June 16, 1885, a brief report that would alone suffice to prove all I say in this connection. It also shows that a man can be declared innocent when he confesses himself guilty:

"In Judge Howe's court-room, at Sing Sing, there was a motley gathering yesterday to hear the case of the people against ex-Mayor B. Gedney Tompkins, for swearing on the public streets. Smith Lent appeared for the people, and William G. Valentine for the defense. About an hour was con-

sumed in getting a jury. Mr. Lent objected to every man he thought in any way impecunious, as Mr. Tompkins, the defendant, is a sort of curb-stone banker and might have them in his clutches. Mr. Valentine objected to every Irishman, as the complainant was Irish, and he was afraid they might be prejudiced.

"Finally, six satisfactory men were found, and Mr. Lent opened the case. He said that it had been contended on eminent authority that there was only one real hebitudinous crank in the world, and that he resided in Cleveland, Ohio, but that Sing Sing could boast another in the person of the ex-Mayor, the illustrious defendant, and that when he was in his greatest state of hebitudinosity he was wont to indulge in language so pyrotechnic as to awaken the whole town. One of these moods struck him on June 9, and he indulged in a strain of language at Constable William Green so strong and fiery that the most disreputable denizen of Sheol would have been abashed thereby.

"He then called J. C. Inslee, a Justice of the Peace of Sing Sing, who testified in substance that on the morning of June 9 he saw the ex-Mayor, Constable Green and others opposite the post-office. Green had shown Lawyer Valentine a summons he had in favor of the ex-Mayor, when the ex-Mayor came up and said: 'You ——— fool, you! What in ——— did you do that for, ——— you? You don't know the first rudiments of your ——— nefarious business. You have shown my private papers to nearly every ——— in Sing Sing.' They had quite a wordy war, when Mr. Green asked the ex-Mayor why he didn't pay what he owed. The ex-Mayor replied that he didn't owe anybody. 'Yes, you do,' said Green; 'you owe Kopp.'

"'You are a ——— lying ———,' replied the ex-Mayor.

"'What's that you say?' yelled Green. 'I'll run

you in for using cuss words on the streets.' With this Green grabbed ex-Mayor Tompkins, but Tompkins resisted, and they had a scuffle. Green got the best of it, and reached in his pockets for his handcuffs. Tompkins saw the motion and heard the click, and demanded 'What in —— are you going to do?' 'Put the handcuffs on you,' said Green. 'Oh, I'll go along,' replied Tompkins. With that Green took the ex-Mayor to the lock-up.

"This testimony was corroborated by three other witnesses for the prosecution, when the ex-Mayor took the stand for the defense. He admitted that the story of the affair already told was true, and retired from the stand. He then called four witnesses to corroborate this statement, and rested. The respective sides then summed up. Neither side ever alluded to the evidence.

"The defense made its main point on the fact that Constable Green had not succeeded in being appointed Chief of Police, and the prosecution attacked the character of ex-Mayor B. Gedney Tompkins with great ferocity. The fact that he only got five votes as the People's candidate for President and nine votes in a Democratic caucus for Assessor, were enlarged upon, and the fact that he was once elected President of the village was passed over by the statement that the bubbles and seeds sometimes came to the top.

"Judge Howe then charged the jury briefly, when they retired. In five minutes they returned into court with a verdict of not guilty, in spite of the fact that the entire quota of witnesses agreed in their statements about the case. As the crowd slowly moved downstairs, one said to another: 'Well, by ——, swearing is legalized in Sing Sing.' 'I'll be —— if it is,' replied the other. 'Be still,' said Editor Moran, of the *Register*; 'don't use such language.' 'Oh, you talk,' said a bystander. 'How long is it since I heard you cussin' like a pirate.' 'You never did,' said

Moran. "I never swear except when I hit my thumb with a hammer, or while I am putting up stove-pipe, or when I pi a whole galley; then I regard it as permissible."

I take no pleasure in recording these things; but as I desire to be just, I must show both sides of the picture.

* * * * *

Gotham's execrably filthy streets cannot but strike an observer with dismay, yet the Gothamites spend fabulous sums of money to keep those otherwise elegant avenues of trade and fashion clean. The street-cleaning contractors grow wealthy by not doing the work they are paid to do, perhaps to favor the numerous bootblacks who swarm everywhere. This trade is apparently now going into the hands of the little Italians, and the former wits of Gotham are limiting themselves to traffic in newspapers.

Some time ago a bootblack, one of that tribe that represent our shoemaker's boy, was asked.

"What is the newest slang, Jimmy?"

"Whatcher mean; in de trade?"

"Yes."

"Well, we ain't got no more use fur slang; de I—talian scabs is doin' all de work for nex'ter nawthin'; we don't hev no gall to fix up nawthin' new."

How insolently funny these little fellows were before the *I—talian* influx made them sad, the following shows:

A bootblack had just finished polishing a very large pair of shoes, and after haggling for the price of his labor with their stingy owner, noticed that the latter's face was covered with pimples.

"What's dat ye got on yer face, mister?" asked the boy in mock solicitude.

"Chicken-pox," answered the man, acridly, starting off.

"Hey, Mike, Red, Sheeney, Fiddler, Nasty Mose,

pike the galoot; he's been gummin' a hen," screamed the boy at once.

Mike, Red, Sheeney and Company at once surrounded the victim, shouting all sorts of derisive questions, congratulations and paternal advice, escaping his kicks and blows with remarkable agility.

Many of those little fellows who seem to revel in insolent chaff, blackguardism, rags and chewing tobacco, are heroes in their way, and their way is then not a bad one. How many support a sick mother, a weak sister, or even a drunken father!

I wish I could tell a tale properly, and convey the pathos I experienced during my last stay in Gotham.

I observed the quiet demeanor of a little fellow who blacked my shoes laboriously, and was pained to hear his deep cough and see the glaring flush that surmounted his ghastly face. He answered my questions in the usual street vernacular, but gave no information about himself.

I patronized him several times and the boys who frequented the neighborhood quickly learned to know me. Whenever I approached that part of the city none of them offered their services, but hastily called:

"Sumpy,* here comes yer hike† Prince Imperial."

And then *Sumpy* would drag himself towards me, saying feebly: "Shine, Mister?"

One day, as I neared the place, I was not announced by Sumpy's numerous chamberlains.

I was surprised and advanced to seek my protégé. An urchin approached me and said in a hollow voice: "Lookin' for Sumpy, Mr. Schwumpengubenhauser?"

"Yes, Red; where is he?"

"Dunno, Mr. Schwumpengubenhauser, where in hell he is," the boy almost sobbed.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Well, you know, Sumpy *was* kind o' queer, de

*I presume it is a pet name for consumption.

†German; I know not why.

damndest kind o' queer; an' so last night he was dam fool enough to hand in his checks; rough, aint it — rough as hell."

"Do you mean that he is dead?" I asked.

"Deader'n hell; an' his poor old mam is just squeakin' like a son of a gun—rough on de ol' gal, an' she ain't got de rocks to plant him; so we fellers won't see Sumpy go to de pottery (Potter's field); so we had a meetin' an' a caucus an' we resolutioned dat we'd chip in all we make to-day an' give de son of a gun a big plant; dat's de kind of cullyflowers we is, betcher life."

His doleful voice precluded the possibility of a smile at his, to say the least, curious speech. I asked permission to contribute to Sumpy's burial fund. My interlocutor looked at me suspiciously, and then said: "Whatcher givin' us?"

"A square deal," I ventured, as a first attempt at Gotham slang, taking forth a note."

"Hey, Mike, Red, Sheeney—hey, hey—old Schwumpengubenhauser's chippin' in a sawbuck for Sumpy's plant." The boy yelled it lustily, methinks, to hide his emotion, for what else could the tears on his dirty face mean?

"De hell he is," muttered the crowd that assembled quickly. One took the bill, expectorated on it, and put it into a box that contained a goodly number of small coins. Then another came forward and said in a defiant manner:

"Mr. Schwumpengubenhauser, Sumpy's caved an' de rest of us is toughs from way-back Toughville. We kin nail hell outen anything 'leven times our size—now, if dere's eny feller wot don't give yer a square deal, you jest let us know—ye hear me!"

I was compelled to avoid that neighborhood ever afterwards; all of "de gang" battled to polish my shoes and show me all possible attention, even to offering to carry messages of which my wife should know

nothing, and with the clear understanding that no compensation would be accepted from me.

I learned that poor little Sumpy had dubbed me Schwumpengubenhauer, and that is the name that will be perpetuated by "de gang," as long as it withstands Italian competition.

* * * * *

Shortly before my last trip to Gotham, I spent an evening at a friend's house, where I met a Mr. Samuel Jabocy, of Gotham. Mr. Jabocy had gone to Gotham while quite a young man, with a large stock of energy, brains and a good education. His industry and honor, with his other qualities, bore their legitimate results; he is now the Honorable Mr. Jabocy, treasurer of one of the largest commercial exchanges in the world and president of several financial associations, and withal a most respected and honored member of Gotham society. His title "Honorable" was forced upon him by election to a public post he had not sought.

He sat near a pompous old gentleman whose ideas of Gotham were crude enough to suit any bigot who sees no good outside of the circle whereof his short nose is the radius.

"Do tell us," said my countryman, "are life and property really safe in Gotham?"

"Not at all," answered Mr. Jabocy, winking at me, as he spoke. "Indeed, you see we have our trousers made with two hip-pockets, in each of which we carry a revolver; besides we strap a bowie-knife or two around our waists and we carry very heavy canes to protect ourselves."

"Did I not tell you so?" exclaimed my countryman in exultation.

"I must add, however," continued Mr. Jabocy, "that we complete our garments in that bellicose manner when we go into the disreputable districts, which are mainly inhabited by foreigners, recent arrivals. Such things are not necessary in the regions where Gotham-

ites and Gothamized foreigners live; they are the reputable parts of our village."

My countryman could not have looked more flat if an elephant had sat upon him.

I should like to know what allows those silly ideas of Gotham to be perpetuated. It never was a lawless city; more crimes are committed by foreigners there than by natives, and the number of crimes is smaller than those committed in our own country. If we remember our readiness to ship our paupers and outcasts to Gotham, the comparison is not at all flattering to us. I deem it well to cease considering the matter further. I love my country and its institutions; but, if beside the exchange of commercial commodities, we could barter our good points for those of the Gothamites, I think that we would be the gainers.

I am very anxious that none of my countrymen continue to pose as *ignorami*—that will do for the French, whose brilliancy is quite properly confined to *La grande Nation*—*cataplum!*

Speaking of the French recalls that colossal work of art, the Bartholdi statue. Mr. Bartholdi first offered it, for a fair price, as a figure of Science to embellish and illuminate the Suez Canal. For some reason, the unappreciative somebody—my friend, the Count de Lesseps, perhaps—declined the work. Then it was rechristened "Liberty Enlightening the World," and as such was purchased by France and presented to Gotham. The gift-statue was accepted, and then Gotham, with its many unoccupied millions, found it difficult to gather sufficient money to build a pedestal for Mrs. Bronze Liberty.

Republics are proverbially ungrateful; but I believe it is due the Gothamites to state that many of them, as individuals, endeavor to manifest gratefulness to France for the Bartholdi statue. Most curious means were employed to raise money to defray the expenses of a pedestal

I copy the following from several Gotham papers, published shortly after President Cleveland's election. I do not copy the names, as I cannot imagine that the perpetuation of such records can be agreeable to the parties concerned.

ELECTION BETS.

Last month Miss Jessica M., aged 17, daughter of Mr. M., bet Mr. Joseph J., the flour merchant, that Mr. Blaine would be elected, and yesterday she paid her bet, despite Mr. J.'s offer to let her off. The settlement was as follows: Mr. J. sat in a wheelbarrow. Miss Jessica pushed the barrow through Broadway from Fifty-fourth Street down to Fourteenth. They were preceded by a band of music and followed by a number of Miss Jessica's friends carrying tin cups, which they extended to the crowds that viewed the scene, begging for contributions to the Bartholdi Statue fund. Three hundred and thirty-six dollars and four cents were collected.

— —

Mr. Andrew L. bet on Blaine.

He was sorry for it yesterday.

Mr. John D. was glad.

At least he looked so, when he stood before the large banking-house, surrounded by his friends, who acted as a guard of honor to Mr. L.

Mr. L. ground "Sweet Violets" from, or rather on, an organ.

Mr. D. and his friends collected money from all who stood still to see a gentleman in full evening dress and silk hat grinding out "Sweet Violets."

"Sweet Vio-lets" — bah!

The Bartholdi fund was enriched by two hundred and sixty-eight dollars and twenty-four cents in consequence.

Mr. L. felt the absurdity of his position keenly. Perhaps he felt the absurdity of having bet on and voted for Blaine more keenly.

The reporter asked.

"The deuce, no," answered Mr. L.; "but what is killing me is to have to hear that confounded "Sweet Vio-lets" all day, and know that I am doing it. Merciful heavens, will evening *never* come!"

Evening came, and the questionable melody was driven from the unfortunate better's memory by his ex-tormentors to the tune of "Andy L. is a Jolly Good Fellow."

Delmonico's was the place.

And champagne was the cause.

The journals contained many more notices like these. Finally, the *World* showed its power and influence by raising the required sum by popular subscription, and the other Gotham journals were eloquently silent over their inability to do likewise, or their lack of energy and enterprise.

* * * * *

I know that I say many things in this book that may cost me dear; they hurt, because they are true. I shall say a few words now that will surely bring upon me the contumely of every seaport in the world that produces oysters. Well, I am willing to die in support of the opinion that the oysters from Gotham are the most luscious, fat and best-tasting in the world. The best are almost brittle, large, delicate, and — with a trifle of salt and some lemon-juice — Oh, ye gods and little fishes — slubberebubbub — yes, I am willing to die, provided I am fed to death on Gotham oysters.

Stranger, if you would enjoy life, go to Gotham during the months that employ an R in their spelling; but if you *must* go in May, June, July or August, eat oysters. If you do not like them, learn to, and then you will thank me for the advice. But eat them raw only, and add nothing to them except salt and lemon-juice; you will bless me for the advice.

It is said that Tennyson, after swallowing a Gotham

oyster that weighed something less than a pound, said that he felt as if he had swallowed a cold baby. Then cold baby as a steady diet must be inexpressibly good.

I revel in our national dishes. I believe that they keep us free from the "American disease," dyspepsia; but if the Americans would limit their food to the Gotham oyster, they might lay in bed as long as they choose, and still be "healthy, wealthy and wise."

Oh, those oysters — ! ! ! ! ! That is all I can say about them, as individuals. Their influence, however, on those who grow too intimate with them, is curious and resembles only that exercised by bicycles. It may look flippant, and certainly would be unjust to oysters, to contrast them with bicycles. I am not discussing them, but the influence that excessive intimacy with them produces. I have watched the faces of oyster-openers and of bicycle-riders; the expression is the same. It has nothing fierce, but is a picture rather of determination, coupled with a sad silence. Who ever saw a loquacious, jolly oyster-opener, or a talkative, joyous bicycle-rider? Nobody. Therefore, to whatever straits I may be driven, I will never adopt either occupation, despite the opportunities for the display of grace and agility they offer. I would rather write a book like this, and have myself drawn and quartered by the critics in consequence. There are some mitigating features to the latter torture, for one critic or another may read the book, and then a fellow-feeling may make them wondrous kind.

So much for oysters, bicycles and critics, all of which flourish in Gotham.

By the way, would it not be dreadful if the critics should be afflicted with silence after reading this book? Do not let me bark myself to death, dear Critic — please don't. Let me lay the flattering unction to my pen that I can make a stir of some kind, even if it be only as a crank (*vide* Inventions).

* * * * *

The Jews need no apologist or vindicator; if they did, they have too much talent in their race to require the services of any one outside of it. Gotham has numerous Jews of all kinds and one would think that they would see to it that their religion does not suffer the continued abuse that is heaped upon it in a most curious way. It is a notorious and disagreeable fact, that the Jews are woefully sensitive; and in a measure this is explicable, but why do they submit to having their religion associated with crime, as the Gotham press is very industrious in doing? Why do they not exert their great power to prevent the appearance of statements like these:

Moses Titschebacher, a Polish Jew, was arrested for complicity in the Western Bank robbery.

Isaac Jacobsohn, a Hungarian Semite, is on trial for swindling the clothing-trade.

Benjamin Kalbsberg, a Russian Israelite, was arrested by Officer O'Halloran for keeping an unlicensed pawnshop.

It is undeniable that a Jew in Russia is a Russian, in France he is a Frenchman, in Gotham he is a Gothamite, and our war with France showed that we had no reason to be ashamed of our Jewish soldiers. I do not recall any prominent Jewish warriors of this age, but Science, Art, Literature, Politics and Finance are replete with Jewish names. Perhaps, then, when few Jews overstep the bounds of the law, it is necessary to mention the fact, lest the world at large judge that the Jews are all saints. They are not; there are as contemptible, despicable people among the Jews as there are among any other people, and the Jews have as many, or perhaps proportionately more, bright, honest minds, than other folks.

I object to the Jews being considered a race, for they are not distinctive any more. The Jews who support this idea are too tenacious of old prejudices, and they are the ones who make the race prejudice; they are to

blame for the rantings of our old imbecile Pastor Stöcker, as they are to blame for that little rankling feeling that is manifest in the clippings from the Gotham press I have just cited.

That great institution, the "Press," especially the American press, which I cannot cease to admire, should be above such smallness, or at least let it be consistent and publish its notices thus:

John Johnes, a Connecticut Methodist, was arrested for sheep-stealing.

Tom Brine, a California Calvinist, was hung for murder.

Mike McFadden, an Irish Catholic, is in the Toombs, waiting trial for violation of the excise (liquor) laws.

Peter Funk, a Gotham Episcopalian, has been indicted by the grand jury for atrocious murder.

Tom Jones, a devout Dutch Lutheran from Wales, was arrested for obtaining money under false pretenses.

A few Jews sandwiched among these will render the report as spicy as may be desired, and will be just. As the funeral advertisements say: "The Gotham press will please to notice."

I thought I had said enough of the intolerance that stains the grand, broad liberalism of Gotham, but did not expect to find it confirmed with such an exquisite piece of the refinement of bigotry as is seen in the following advertisement which I cut from the *Gotham World* of June 20, 1885:

TO GENTILES—Tappan Zee House, South Nyack, on the Hudson—one hour from city, two minutes from depot—having changed hands and been thoroughly renovated and refurnished, is now open for guests. Large grounds, elegantly laid out in lawns sloping to the river; fine salt-water bathing, boating, etc. The house is kept in the very best style. Special rates to parties coming early and remaining the entire season. Send for circular.

C. E. MONROE,
Proprietor.

W. P. MONROE,
Manager.

From the Hebrew Journal.

We expected it! The "No Jews Wanted" man has made his appearance at last. His name is C. E. Monroe, and he runs the Tappan Zee

House at Nyack. But he is more refined than his fellow-bigots, and heads his advertisement with the words, "To Gentiles." Mr. Monroe is, undoubtedly, a sensitive man and dislikes to wound the feelings of his Jewish citizens. But Mr. Monroe ought to emigrate. If we hear of a good opening for a hotel in Russia, Roumania or Morocco, we will be pleased to make him aware of the fact.

Even our rabid pastor, Stöcker, has not been guilty of such vileness. His attacks, disgracing Christianity and humanity as they do, are rabid and clearly appear the outpourings of a debased and cruel mind; while this Monroe fellow, with greater intelligence, indulges in his spite that makes us ashamed of our religion—be it Christianity or Humanity.

Justice, however, compels me to criticise the very bad taste of *The Hebrew Journal* (if there is such a paper) in doing anything else than treat the bigot with the silent contempt he deserves. "A snarling dog will bark himself to death if left alone," I believe a Hebrew proverb says; but if the Jews continue to pay any heed to such fellows, they only invite and develop the abuse that narrow minds delight in. It is, however, a sad commentary upon the intelligence of the Gothamites of all stamps, shades and faiths.

* * * * *

The taste in dress and grace in motion of the fair Gothamites has been commented upon. I am glad to say that this extends to the privacy of the home. Slovens are the exception; a Gotham lady of whatever social grade she be, is always presentable, even in her wrapper. Be that garment of cheap material or of the costliest, it always fits well.

Starch is the Gothamite's most striking characteristic, and it is after dinner to a painful degree. I wonder how a Gotham lover can visit his adored one and have the heart to embrace her. He must do so in fear of crushing so much loveliness and starch.

Yes, starch, for starch seems to be the great, growing impediment;—I have attempted to dry my hands on starched towels, and have not prayed in conse-

quence. If I were writing that fair Gothamites might read, I would not speak of starch, because it calls shirts to mind, and the aforesaid fair Gothamites are presumed to be ignorant of the fact that a man wears a shirt.

By the way, if you wish well-fitting shirts, have them measured and made in Gotham. The shirt-makers there are sensible, for they sew no buttons on the garment; a man there is saved the pain of railing at his wife for his buttonless shirt, for it has only button-holes, and he is presumed to possess a number of that kind of buttons that can be put in and removed. This is good, for it prevents his losing his temper; it would be excellent if some one were to invent something whereby linen would need no repairs whatever; for if the fair Gothamite does not like to sew on buttons, she grows frantic over the necessity to darn, I have been told.

When a shirt is received from the shirt-maker, it is white, glossy, but, oh, so stiff! limiting one's motions and exasperating one's temper. But the wearer should not be rash, lest his execrations become exhausted before the proper time, which occurs when one's garments are returned from a laundry. The entire body is starched as stiffly as is the bosom, and if the prime condition of the shirt suggested a straight-jacket, it now is a little less than a coffin.

In winter this is unbearable, despite the intense cold; but in summer, when Gotham notoriously produces the greatest heat in the world, it is terrible. It is one of the Gothamite's peculiarities that he willingly submits to torture. In that land of liberty a gentleman dare not dress comfortably, despite the good example given him by the numerous Chinese; they know how to dress. The Chinese, in their wide, light pajamas, must laugh as they starch the Gothamite's clothes, to do them up "allee same Melica laundly."

Starch is the prevailing torture: starch in garments,

in tidies that make furniture unapproachable; starch extends its influence on society at large and stiffens what would otherwise be most pleasant social intercourse.

Really, I do not see how a man can bend over to whisper sweet nothings to his charmer while propped up by his board-like linen. And then, how must an embrace feel when he presses her starched form to his starched bosom!

* * * * *

I wonder if a really good, comprehensive definition of conscience can be given. The Gotham conscience is peculiar, and I will not say of it that remorse enters into it as a very strong factor, as some English writer called remorse "mental dyspepsia." I am really sorry that I do not remember that writer's name; he would be so convenient to hold up to obloquy or to souse in panegyric as the humor takes me; I must let him rest in peace.

Conscience in Gotham has led to the establishment of a municipal conscience-fund, to which all may contribute, and many do, even with compound interest, after having swindled or defrauded the city. Occasionally the sums paid in are quite large, and so recognized is the fact that a regular form of receipt therefor is used. Of course the payer's name is not mentioned in the receipt, but the pleasant legal fiction of John Doe is made the payer, thus:

Office of the Collector of Taxes, }
GOTHAM, ———, 188—. }

Received this day from John Doe the sum of \$——,
as conscience money on account of personal tax of said
John Doe, overdue for some years.

———, *Collector.*

* * * * *

And now, what a multitude of things crowd upon me!

Things I should have said and things I should have left unsaid.

As the reader is my judge, he will decide whether the defects shall be made up in another volume on what is to me a pleasant, happy recollection, dear, naughty, good, bad, great, purile, indescribable Gotham; a return to its hospitable shores is full of blissful anticipations, and a departure from them happiness, because of the hope that I may return soon.

CHAPTER XXI.

CONCLUSION.

IF the perusal of this book deters a single one of my countrymen from visiting Gotham, then I shall have failed in my purpose.

If any one who has looked towards Gotham with a view to seeking a home where honest, serious labor would receive just appreciation, and because of a single line in the preceding pages has resolved not to go to that modern marvel, then I shall regret having written this book.

If any one shall speak ill of the Gothamites, because of the freaks, notions and caprices of some of them, as herein detailed, then I must deplore the stupidity that forgets that "those who live in glass houses must not throw stones."

Gotham's criminal statistics are not produced herein, for an excellent reason. I do not wish my countrymen to know how much better the Gothamites are than they.

Gotham's buildings, parks, statues and public grandeur are not discussed, because it would hardly be fair to compare the work of an infant barely a century old with the adult, with its moss-grown maturity of several centuries. It would not be fair, I repeat, but it would be a just reproof to our slow old towns and should

make them blush with shame that young Gotham excels its seniors in almost every particular.

There is a species of consolation in the fact that our Gothamized countrymen and women have had so much to do with the prodigious amazing development of that city by the sea.

This book is very small, I know; but it is intended, as the Gothamites say, "as a feeler." If the publisher finds the work lucrative he will order another, and another, and still more of books like this to be completed.

I have enough notes on Gotham to write fifty books of this size, and all filled with matter fully as interesting as I deem that I have herein mentioned.

You, good reader, will decide whether this is my last appearance as an observer of men, matters and morals of Gotham.

THE END.





